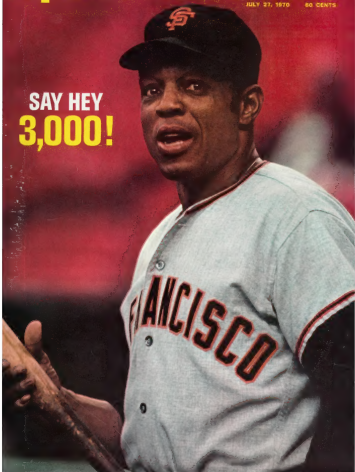


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JULY 27, 1970

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Next week

OFF TO Leningrad is what the Russians, the U.S. track team will try its best to overcome both the Soviets and the A&L. A report by Pat Putnam with color photographs.

SARATOGA'S MONTH is August, pleasantest period in the long racing season for everybody connected with the sport. A gallery of pictures shows its many moods and merriments.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

SNAP! AS USUAL

Every time the AAU gets involved in something, trouble seems to follow, primarily from that creaking organization's uncanny ability to make a mess of things. The latest display of ineptitude occurred in Europe, where a U.S. track and field team had the devil's own time trying to survive in the face of opposition from France, Germany and its own officials (page 47). Athletes, even those not involved in the present rancorous dispute, have expressed anger and outrage at the AAU's methods, and hypocrisy, double standards and stupidity are among the epithets that have been applied. With, apparently, good reason.

LABOR AND MANAGEMENT

Last week, as negotiations between National Football League players and owners appeared to be nearing settlement, John Mackey, the massive right end of the Baltimore Colts who is president of the NFL Players Association, had some comments on the labor dispute. "I know there must be many fringe players who were worried," he said, "but none of them were more worried than me. After all, I'm a football player, too. But they elected me to this job, and I made sure I wasn't going to get taken in by smooth talk. I gave up all my off-season work, took courses in labor law, surrounded myself with the smartest people I could find, and did my homework. Some of the owners were trying to be fair, but I think they thought it would be a breeze, that we would walk in and have a drink and sign a contract. They didn't realize that we were coming prepared. The important thing was to lay down some guidelines and precedents so that in the future players get a fair share of the profits and a decent pension system."

What constitutes a fair share was one of the major stumbling blocks to a settlement. An article in the Baltimore Sun quoted a "source close to the negotiations" who claimed that under the ex-

isting pension plan and the present performance of the fund (its earnings have averaged better than 18% a year) the owners' proposal would provide a pension of \$26,000 a year at 65 for five-year players and \$57,000 a year for 10-year veterans. The players' proposal, the source said, would result in a \$38,000 pension for five-year men and \$84,000 for 10-year men.

DOWN THE HATCH

These middle-aged Americans who look back on the college days of the 1930s with nostalgia can take heart from Gene Conrad, an offensive guard at the University of Florida. At the annual "variety night" party of campus athletes, he won first prize for jury endeavor by swallowing 31 live minnows topped off with a squirming earthworm.

OLD ORDER PASSING

Both the U.S. Open tennis championships at Forest Hills and the U.S. pro championships at Boston will augment traditional tennis scoring with the sudden-death tie-breaker system long advocated by Jimmy Van Alen, the inventor of VASSS (Van Alen Simplified Scoring System). If a set reaches six-all in games, the players will alternate serves in a best-of-nine-points sequence; the first to gain five points in this postscript wins the set. This eliminates the possibility of marathons like the 25-23 set John Newcombe won from Marty Riessen last year or the famous 18-16 set in the 1949 singles final between Pancho Gonzales and Ted Schroeder. In sudden-death tennis, no set can go beyond the odd-looking score of 7-6.

Not everyone likes the idea. Rod Laver, defending champion at both tournaments, says, "Sudden-death isn't fair. Nobody ever consults the players, who all hate it. We recognize the need for some form of tie-breaker, but the best-of-nine system gives one player five serves and the other four. Obviously, the Nole with the first serve has a terribly unfair

advantage." Officials, on the other hand, are convinced that spectators will love the new system, and they hope television will, too, now that the TV people can be sure no match will last interminably—meaning past scheduled air time.

Despite Laver's objections, the new system is probably as fair as one can be, and it certainly is modern and progressive and efficient. Still, it is sad to think that long-drawn-out matches between titans of the court are a thing of the past. They may have missed up TV schedules but, like an extra-inning baseball game, sometimes they became almost unbearably exciting.

NOT SO GRAND

John Wesley Powell made the first float trip through the Grand Canyon in 1899, and in the next 80 years no more than 500 people were able to emulate his feat. But since 1955, when an enterprising woman named Georgia White took a party of 30 people through the canyon



on Navy surplus rafts lashed together, the spectacular 200-mile trip has become commonplace, a commercial venture. By 1968, there were 4,000 tourists floating through the canyon. Last year the total was 6,700. This year it is expected to be between 8,000 and 10,000.

Just as it is, the Grand Canyon cannot sustain that many visitors. There are only four pit toilets along the river. Driftwood for fires is disappearing and

the few sandbars available for campsites are contaminated with all kinds of debris. The 100,000 cubic-feet-per-second floods that once cleansed the river are no more; dams have regulated its flow to around 16,000 cubic feet. The Park Service has put a ceiling on the number of permits for commercial river runners, but it may be too late. "They've barred autos from some areas of Yosemite," says Senator Barry Goldwater. "It won't be long before they'll have to bar commercial buses from the Colorado."

FOR TWO CENTS

Maybe the Grand Canyon should adopt a clean-up technique used with overwhelming success in Skagit County, Wash. The First Federal Savings and Loan Assn. of Mount Vernon, the county seat of Skagit County, announced on July 3 that on July 11 it would pay 2¢ for old cans and bottles picked up along country roads. E. W. Mercereau Jr., president of First Federal, figured that as many as 25,000 cans and bottles might be turned up, maybe even 50,000, but on pay-off day the line of pedestrians, station wagons, sedans, convertibles and pickup trucks stretched for five miles. When the count ended, 551,762 cans and bottles—or about 10 for every resident of the county—had been turned in. The cost to First Federal came to \$11,835.24. Instead of the \$300 to \$1,000 it had anticipated, but bank officials insisted, "It's the best \$11,000 we ever spent." Ray Wilmore, an assistant vice-president of the bank, said, "We're thrilled to death. I've driven miles and miles and I haven't seen a single beer can anywhere. We're pleased to hear that other communities and businesses are interested in the idea and plan to pick it up."

SERVICES RENDERED

In a burst of chivalrous generosity, alumni and friends of Kansas State University underwrote the expenses of a Hawaiian vacation this summer for Cotton Armstrong, who coached K-State to the Big Eight basketball championship last winter. But when July came and Flounders and his wife were out there basking on the beaches of Hawaii, the Kansas State boosters could not help but wince a little, since in June Flounders had resigned suddenly to take over as head coach of the Phoenix Suns. On his return from Hawaii, the coach, a man of aplomb,

said, "I figured they were rewarding us for something I had already done. If they did it for bribery purposes to keep me at Kansas State, well, I guess they just lost."

REMEMBER ME

At the National Four-Ball golf championship this week most of the top pros are teamed with other top pros, but Lee Trevino—wouldn't you know it?—is playing with somebody named Unshell Whitendon. Unshell Whitendon is a rabbit on the tour and not a very successful rabbit. As last report he had appeared at 12 tournaments this year, failed to qualify seven times, qualified but withdrew (presumably because of poor scores) twice, and qualified but failed to make the cut the other three times. Barring average: .000. Why in the world did Lee Trevino pick such a fringe player as a partner? Well, Unshell Whitendon may be a nothing to you, but if you know that his nickname is Jesse you might remember him as an outstanding defensive back a few years ago with the Green Bay Packers under Vince Lombardi. You might even recall that Jesse Whitendon and his cousin own a golf course called Hennes Hills outside El Paso, Texas, and that they were the ones who gave Lee Trevino his first job as a club pro. Trevino remembers, but then one of the nicest things about Trevino is his memory.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Giles, Philadelphia Phillies vice-president, on possible refinements for the electronic scoreboard in the new stadium the Phils expect to occupy next spring: "Picture this pole in center field. Hanging on the end of the pole is the Liberty Bell. At the bottom of the pole, holding a hammer, is a Ben Franklin-looking fellow. Boon. Deron Johnson hits a home run. Somebody presses a button, there's some appropriate music and this Ben Franklin zips up the pole—electronically controlled, of course. He belts the Liberty Bell with a hammer and, wait a minute now, the bell cracks just like the real one."

• Ray Fene, Cleveland Indians catcher, after he suffered a shoulder injury and was momentarily stranded when Pete Rose crashed into him in a successful effort to score the winning run in the 12th inning of baseball's All-Star Game: "Well, that's football."

END

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YEA, MR. MAYS



Willie Howard Mays Jr., 29, made his 3,000th safe hit last week, playing baseball with the same enthusiasm—and effectiveness—he first brought to the Giants in A.D. 1961 by **ROY BLOUNT JR.**

In 1951 Marilyn Monroe was a starlet, Bobby Orr a baby, Babe Ruth a corner—and Willie Mays very nearly the same phenomenon he was last week. In harsh heat and foggy chill, and under the intense scrutiny such a situation demanded, he chased after his 3,000th hit—and seemed to blossom rather than wilt under the pressure. He reached the milestone Saturday at home in San Francisco in the second inning against Montreal, when he stroked an 0-and-2 pitch between short and third. It was hardly an appropriate hit for the occasion, taking everything about Willie Mays into consideration, being neat and solid rather than spectacular and dramatic. But it was No. 3,000—and then he promptly collected No. 3,001, which is really what Willie Mays is all about.

In the stretch run to his latest achievement, marvelous old middle-aged Willie was sprinting all the way. On a six-game span that carried him to the magic mark, he went 10 for 23 and showed the whole watching world that he could still do it all. In one of those games, Mays ranged past his rightfielder once to make a running catch. He cut off a drive to deep left-center bunched. He went from first to second on a fly ball in the ninth inning of a game after playing 14 innings (and hitting a ninth-inning homer) the

night before. He stole one game with a burst of 11th-inning speed.

Who else is still flashing a nerve that dates back to the Korean war? "The only difference between the young Mays and the old Mays," says Montreal Manager Gene March, "is that it's hard for a 39-year-old man to feel up to playing like Willie Mays every day. But when he feels like it—when I see him up at the plate with the lineup card and he has that look, I say, 'oh, beep.'"

But time, after all, has passed. This year Mays was the oldest man ever elected to a starting All-Star position, and with 20 homers already he stands a good chance of becoming the oldest man ever to hit his age in home runs. (Babe Ruth hit only 22 at the same stage in life.) It has been 15 years, probably, since Mays last actually said, "Say Hey!"—and almost two decades since Leo Durocher listed the five things Mays could do better, all of them put together, than anyone else: run, throw, field, hit and hit with power. Since then, Willie's distinctions have grown more complex. So a new scouting report on the Giants' still-volatile older statesman seems in order.

RUNNING: Mays has stolen only two bases this year, in two attempts. But Giant outfielder Frank Johnson says, "I've got pretty good speed, but I'm not so sure

I could outrun him if he turned it on. The other night he was running on 3 and 2, and it was a wild pitch, and he turned second and I mean he really ran to third. He ran like a sprinter and he slid hard. A lot of guys wouldn't have done that—especially somebody 38. And the way he runs, his feet flying... we were behind third, he was bearing down on us and we jumped up on the bench and said, 'Did you see that?' He does things that just thrill me to death."

THROWING: Mays has a wide variety of throws to choose from, depending on what direction and what position he is running in when he releases the ball. He comes underarm, sidarm, three-quarter and then he has a sort of hook shot. Says Rightfielder Bobby Bonds, "I don't think Willie knows how strong his arm still is on the days when it isn't hurting and it's especially loose. The other day he threw a strike to the plate from the wall in Cincinnati."

FIELDING: Both Bonds and Ken Henderson, being 24 and 26, might be considered more appropriate centerfielders than a man almost old enough to be their father. It might also be suspected that Mays is kept in center lest his pride be hurt. The truth is that he is still master of his position. "He gets up balls that I didn't think anybody could reach—that I don't think I could reach," says Bonds. What Mays has lost is speed he makes up for with consummate judgment of trajectories and fences and an encyclopedic knowledge of where to play all of the league's hitters.

HITTING: Mays has always been death on changeups because his reflexes are too good to be fooled. "He looks jerky

continued

Base hit No. 2,000 was a home run, the 478th after 20 years the cap and once Willie crossed home plate as he entered from second.





up there," says Houston ace Larry Dierker. "He bounces around and doesn't look balanced. So you'd think he couldn't hit an off-speed pitch. You throw him one, though, and he jumps forward but his hands stay back—and then boom. He has such reflexes that he can wait until the last moment before he commits his hands." Traditionally Mays has been almost as deadly against curves, sliders and other off-speed pitches. Fastballs have always given him the most trouble.

"Why don't you throw me some breaking stuff?" Mays grumbled to Houston's George Culver the other evening during batting practice. "You throw it to everybody else. Me, just smoke. I thought sure I'd get a slider from you, George, but no. Senoke."

"Hell," replied Culver, "you hit it 290 feet."

"Now," said Mays. "I cut it."

In a similar vein last year, when asked whether he liked fastball pitchers, Mays put a counter-question: "Who do?" But the matter is more involved than that. Anyone who waits so long to commit himself on breaking pitches has to make some provision, especially as he gets up in years, for getting around on tight fastballs. Mays, never one to stop at unorthodoxy, has managed to get the most of his bat in front of inside burners by "bailing out," or pulling his body laterally away from the pitch. In other hitters this is counted a fault. Willie, though, when he is going good, can bail back in if the pitch breaks away from him, and he is strong enough to hit a ball for distance while leaning away from it.

TEAMMATE: Mays, affectionately called Willie Howard by President Honore Stoneham, enjoys a special status. He decides when he will play, and last year when he had a shoving match with Manager Clyde King in full view of the stands, King's demise was predictable. King's replacement, Charlie Fox, has been friendly with Mays ever since Willie joined the Giants organization.

Mays is team captain, and the Giants call him "Will" or "Back" or "Cup." "He's a beautiful person," says Johnson.

"I don't think anybody on the club dislikes him. If they do they're crazy." Bonds adds, "He's the most nonchalant superstar you'll ever see. He acts just like he draws the minimum."

Mays has taught the young outfielders how to play the hitless and to some extent how to play the ball. He also goes over the hitters with the day's starting pitcher, and when utility infielder Tito Fuentes was asked how he knew when to call time and go talk with a shaky pitcher he said, "I look to Mays. He gives me the sign."

Mays' relations with Willie McCovey are very good, but he and Juan Marchal have never been buddies. Last winter Marchal told a Dominican newspaperman that Mays was not what he used to be and ought to consider quitting, and the story got back to this country. Marchal claimed he was misinterpreted and Mays says he has forgotten the whole thing, but students of the Giants keep looking for signs to the contrary. Last month in Cincinnati when Mays suffered an apparent simple lack of concentration and let a long fly off Marchal fall in for a triple, the radio announcers immediately termed the incident "strange" and "weird."

PUBLIC RELATIONS: Mays would rather not have his significance probed and belabored in interviews with the press, with whom he is wary. The San Francisco writers give him his due as "incomparable," but many avoid him personally because "he never says anything." He is defensive toward writers he hasn't known for a long time. He can also be curt, and what American boy—or sports-writer—wants Willie Mays to have been cut with him?

In Houston a long-faced fan kept yelling "Hey, Willie" at Mays from the stands, following him around, tirelessly demanding an autograph while Mays was conferring with his peers during batting practice. Finally the man threw his program and a pen onto the field at Mays' feet, without a word. Mays tossed them back at him without a word.

When Mays got close to his 3,000th hit the Giants announced that everyone attending the game in which he reached the milestone would win a free ticket to a future game. Last Friday night the weather in Candlestick was frigid and the wind was blowing great billows of fog briskly across the field, but Mays played, with a head cold, perhaps be-

cause he felt he owed it to the fans who had come out and perhaps because he wanted to get the 3,000th hit, an ordeal which was making him more and more nervous. After he hit a three-run homer in the eighth, his 2,999th, the crowd chanted "we want Willie," but what they wanted, said the press-box consensus, was free tickets.

IRONICITY: Ironically, Henry Aaron, overshadowed by Mays for most of his career, made Mays' 3,000th hit something of an anticlimax early this season by beating him to the mark. The low-keyed Aaron has blossomed in the last two years as a national figure, whereas Mays has had to live up to an image of ebullient heroism incurred when he was 20. By the time both have retired, Aaron will probably have exceeded most of Mays' lifetime batting statistics, but Aaron himself has said that it is much easier to hit in Atlanta Stadium than in Candlestick Park, where the fierce winds blow in against a right-handed hitter, and that Mays could have been well past 3,000 hits by now and possibly threatening Ruth's 714-homer record (Mays has 629) if he had not spent the last 11 years in Candlestick.

FUTURE: "Have you ever seen a 39-year-old with a body like that?" asks Johnson. Mays is even trimmer than he was last year. He has the kind of compact, slim-legged build that supports a long career. After the All-Star Game, three days before Friday's chiller in San Francisco, Mays looked ghostly, but he is healthier this year than he has been for some time, and earlier in the season he said he could go two or three more years. He has said he wants to manage and that he doesn't want to manage.

When Mays is posed in the outfield or at bat he still seems more eager, or nervous, than anybody else. He has the air of that kid in a pickup game who has more ability and fire than the others and wishes intensely that they would come on and play right and raise the whole game to a level commensurate with his own gifts and appetites. Mays does not say so, but it is hard not to suspect that he feels that way toward it all—the fans, the park, the press. And these days he must finally be saying, "Come on, play right" to himself, too. When he does, and when he responds as he has over the last two weeks, Frank Johnson is not the only one who is thrilled to death.

END

With Larraine and Leo and these budding stars long gone, Mays finds solace at home. Henry Aaron is the game's only other star of such magnitude today. And Willie is 3,000 hits but counts Candlestick Park with an abate.

A REVOLUTION ROILS THE CUP

As the French challengers celebrated Bastille Day in Newport last week, America's own America's Cup racers were asking whether another absolute monarch was about to be toppled off his throne **by HUGH D. WHALL**

Mooted in Newport while waiting more or less patiently for the competition to arrive from Australia, the three 12-meter racing yachts of Baron Marcel Bich's French Expeditionary Force were draped in bright bunting on a certain morning last week to celebrate Bastille Day. But beyond one or two polite calls of "Vive la France!" most of the U.S. spectators gathered in the capital of America's Cup racing for the second of three sets of trials to pick a U.S. defender were too concerned with witnessing a revolution at home to worry much about one that took place in France almost 200 years ago. For on this Bastille Day it seemed that the King of America's Cup Racing was about to lose his crown.

Ever since the modern revival of the sport in 1958, Olin Stephens has been as securely enthroned at the top of America's Cup design as Louis ever was in his palace at Versailles. Whenever Stephens was commissioned to design a new cup racer, it was practically taken for granted by everyone but Stephens, who is much too sensible to believe in legends, that it would be faster than his last boat. And up to the time last week's races began, there seemed little reason to suspect any change.

In the preliminary cup trials on Long Island Sound early in June the latest Stephens Twelve, *Vahag*, had performed as expected over the old Stephens Twelve, *Intrepid*, drastically revamped for this year's campaigning by Britton Chance (86, July 13). So the only real question two weeks ago at the start of the second trial series off Newport was whether *Vahag* would simply breeze into the 1970 defense as her older rival had in 1967 or whether the remodeled *Intrepid* would put up enough of a fight to make her work for the honor.

With more showmanship than they are noted for, the New York Yacht Club



On a spinnaker race in their second meeting, "Intrepid" pulled ahead of "Vahag."

commitment responsible for the selection of a defender put off any possible answer to this question till the third day of racing. Meanwhile, the two mainstays tested their strength against two admitted also-rans: 12-year-old *Washery*, *Falster*'s venerable trial horse, which had entered the lists only to round out a foursome, and Charles Morgan's quirky but hopeless one-man band *Merriter*, which he designed, built, launched and skippered all by himself. During these preliminaries there was some head shaking over the fact that *Atrepid* beat *Washery* by a resounding three minutes and 55 seconds while *Falster*'s margin over the same boat was only 2:23—but this comparison was more or less meaningless since *Falster* had beaten *Merriter* by almost 10 minutes while *Atrepid* beat her by only five.

Finally, on Saturday of the first week of racing, the two rivals went to the starting line together—only to have *Falster*'s skipper, Robert McCallough, commit so obvious a foul on *Atrepid*'s Bill Ficker that he himself acknowledged it before Ficker could even hint a protest. In real cup racing this would have meant one victory for *Atrepid*, but since these were trials the race committee merely wiped out the race and called for another start.

At the new start Ficker—the first cup skipper in memory with a true Yul Brynner head-do—quickly slid his boat into a groove, slipping to windward over a lumpy course ahead of *Falster* with astonishing ease. Sailing from mark to mark at such a clip that she gained on five of the six legs sailed, *Atrepid* crossed the line a clean two minutes and 14 seconds ahead of the newer boat. Three days later the two boats met again and the outcome was almost identical.

These two defeats occurred in moderate winds. When the following day turned up a breeze the committee could not resist revising the schedule in order to match the two top boats once again. And once again *Atrepid* won.

In theory, the Observation Trials—as the round is called—are not intended to be in any way definitive. They are designed only to give the selection committee a chance to "observe" the various would-be defenders and to study their skippers and crews in action before the tough competition of the Final Trials beginning in mid-August.

Presumably then, the selection com-

mittee was still of an open mind at the start of the final race between *Falster* and *Atrepid* on Saturday. If so, there must have been the only open mind left in Newport. The one-sidedness of the contests up to that point and the cautious conduct of both leading skippers had given virtually everyone, except those immediately concerned, the impression that it was all over but the picking. Sporting buttons emblazoned to wear in quickie—they might also have added "slicker"—*Atrepid*'s crewmen seemed jubilantly self-confident in sharp contrast to the men of rival *Falster*, who were beginning to show some of the sulks that always turn up in the fo'c'sle of a loser. The racing itself had been dull to the point of lifelessness. During the 12 days of competition there had been no bold jockeying for position at any start, no daring challenges to ignite one of those tacking duels in which a trailing skipper can often turn the tables on a leader by exhausting his crew in an endlessly repeated series of course changes. Even the crewmen seemed bored. "Why should I be tired?" snarled one of *Falster*'s men in some bitterness after one losing race during which the skipper had notably failed to challenge his rival to any feats of strength. "I only did a couple of tacks and a couple of jibes."

Then, on the last day, the picture suddenly changed. As the five-minute warning gun sounded, there developed the first bit of aggressive sailing seen throughout the trials. Heading for the line a touch early, Ficker suddenly found himself in a position that match-racing sailors have nightmares about: astern of his foe, with no hope of getting past him to leeward and no room to get past him to windward. There is no reliable way that any skipper can plan to put his opponent in such a fix, but it takes fine sailing to see such a situation developing and to take advantage of it. McCallough had done just that. His big job momentarily bucked to slow him down till the gun sounded, he had his rival tripped. Ficker had no choice but to make a full circle and head for the line again while his adversary sailed sweetly out and away. "It was the prettiest sight I ever saw," said one of *Falster*'s crewmen later.

As *Atrepid* chased her rival up the first windward leg, the racing took on the look of a genuine contest. Sailing his catch-up race, Ficker brought his



Old Stophem was understandably worried.

craft back into violent contention by inaugurating a real honest to god tacking duel. Port to starboard, starboard to port, port to starboard and back again, coffee-grinder winches whirling, arms aching, her skipper's egg-bald head ducking skillfully as the huge boom swept back and forth across the deck, *Atrepid* made her moves and *Falster* had little choice but to duplicate them. Round the first mark they swooped, with *Atrepid* now only seconds behind. Up soared the innkeepers on each boat, but still the duel went on. Just as they had swapped tacks again, now they both went jibing back and forth on the downwind slope as Ficker tried to steal his opponent's wind.

He failed, and four legs of the race later *Falster* crossed the finish line nearly two minutes ahead of *Atrepid*, a boat that had been beaten only once since her launching and that simply because her navigator took her around the wrong buoy in Long Island Sound. It was not as if the *Battle* had suddenly been returned with apologies to King Louis. After two weeks of racing, the boat redesigned by young Britton Chance still had a record of nine wins to one loss, while the boat built by Stophem to beat it could boast only four wins to six losses. So you couldn't really shout, "Long live the King," all over again. On the other hand, thanks to a sudden new promise of some more brisk competition in the months ahead, it was obviously too soon to start shouting, "The King is dead!"

END OF A LONG, LONG DROUGHT

After three years of frustration, the two-time winner of the British Open tells St. Mark Mulvey how he came from the edge of despair last week to capture his 12th major championship—going on 14 by JACK NICHOLAS

It seemed to be all over. Standing on the last green of the 1970 British Open at St. Andrews, I surveyed my second putt, stroked it and watched it roll just past the hole. Just as it did, I heard a roar coming from the direction of the 17th green, and I knew that Doug Sanders, who was now leading me by a shot, had parred the hole. I was completely dejected. My caddy had tears in his eyes. Neither of us imagined Sanders would make anything worse than par on the 18th. I walked over and tapped in my third putt (I had three-putted three of the last five holes), then headed toward the scorer's table.

After signing my card, I went into Keith Mackenzie's trailer to watch Sanders play the last hole on television. Someone said he had hit the ball 35 feet past the pin on his approach. I decided to go out and watch him finish and then congratulate him on winning the Open. I saw Doug's first putt stop about three feet short of the cup. Tony Jacklin, who was standing next to me, whispered, "Hey, Jack, you're still alive." Meanwhile, Gerald Micklen of the Royal and Ancient was talking to my wife Barbara.

"I placed the pins myself this morning," he told her. "That is a very difficult putt for Sanders. It looks straight, but it breaks to the right. You cannot read it. More to the right and he could read it. But not there."

Sure enough, when he putted, Doug didn't allow for the strong break the ball took to the right. The putt never even touched the hole and, *excuse me*, I was alive again.

Three-putt greens almost ruined me at St. Andrews this year, and I am not consoled by the fact that someone else's third putt on the final regulation hole put me into the playoff I ultimately won. Apart from the huge St. Andrews greens, which total around six acres (compared to a little over three acres on the average American course), St. Andrews threw something else at us this year that

further complicated our putting problems. The wind.

On hitting an approach to the greens, you were tempted to run after it with a coin in your hand so you could mark it before the wind began blowing the ball away. Preparing to play your putt, you did not study the contours of the green; instead, you checked the wind. A putt might break three feet right to left, but if the wind was blowing from left to right, you played your putt left to right also.

Sometimes it was even tough to get comfortable over your putts, particularly for more deliberate players like myself. I was always loath to set my putter head behind the ball, for fear the wind would move it while the club was grounded, which costs you a stroke. When you pulled the putter back, the wind would actually move it off the line of the putt an inch or more. Players were stabbing the tops of their golf balls almost as often as they were hitting them smoothly. Lee Trevino, who is particularly fast around the greens, putted superbly for the first three rounds at St. Andrews, but then on the fourth day he seemed to get cautions, which probably hurt him. At least that seems a reasonable explanation why a good putter like Lee three-putted seven greens on the last round.

But if putting was the key to victory at St. Andrews, then tradition was what made it all worthwhile. When it comes to golf, I am a young (if 30 still is considered young these days) sentimental. Golf lore and tradition and nostalgia turn me on. Great golf courses—on Augusta National, an Oakmont, a Baltusrol, a Pinecone, a Merion, a Pebble Beach—overwhelm me. And the more turned on I am, the better I play. I was really high, really turned on, really emotional during the 10 days I spent at St. Andrews, the place where the game was born. St. Andrews is what the game really means. Almost all the great golfers have played the Old Course, and the course has always demanded strong golf.

I wanted to be part of St. Andrews. I wanted to win on the Old Course.

A golfer must play there at least a dozen times before he can expect to understand its subtleties. If a player becomes irritated at the bad bounces and unusual things that happen at St. Andrews, forget it. The Old Course must be accepted for what it is: a layout built hundreds of years ago and still such a challenge that no player ever has torn it apart over 72 holes.

Actually, without the wind St. Andrews is not difficult. However, because it sits alongside the North Sea, St. Andrews never goes more than a day without the wind, and it very rarely blows in the same direction for two straight minutes. Considering the velocity (53 mph at times during the Open) and the direction of the wind, it really is about 360 golf courses in one. For instance, one day you might want to play your tee shot on the par-5 14th hole into the middle of the adjacent 5th fairway. Then, the next day—after a shift in the wind that might bring the Beards into play—you might want to play your drive 100 yards the other way.

The Old Course was calm for the first day of the 1970 Open, and many scores were incredibly low. But the rest of the championship, including my playoff round against Sanders, was played in three-weather weather—gale-like winds and temperatures between 45° and 55°—and most scores soared. The prevailing winds generally were from the southwest, which meant they came from the golfer's left as he played the first seven holes going out and from his right as he played the last seven coming in. At the four "loopy" holes, it was anybody's guess what the wind would do.

My game is normally left to right. I prefer to hit a fade, a controlled shot that drips dead into the fairway. But when I played the Open at St. Andrews in 1964, I found that I could not control my left-to-right shots when the wind was blowing in the same direction. This

year I decided I would play a hook—even a duck hook, if necessary—in order to keep my ball in play whenever the wind blew across from my left. It must have worked, because I hit most fairways, and 69 of my first 72 putting surfaces in regulation.

We played off for the Open championship on Sunday. I started off well, and led Sanders by two strokes going to the 5th hole. The next few strokes probably won the Open for me, but it seemed like anything except a turning point at the time. I hit my drive at 5 to the right—and it landed in a bunker. I decided to play a pitching wedge out instead of a sand wedge, since there was another bunker 30 yards ahead and I wanted to be certain to clear it. My explosion landed on the lip of that other bunker and kicked down a bank, so I was spared that problem. But now I had a bad lie, and my three-wood coming out carried too far left, stopping next to a nest of heather it call-deep gone. All I wanted to do was to get the

ball onto the green and save my lead with a bogey. Somehow I made one of the luckiest and perhaps greatest recovery shots of my career. The ball landed on the green about 30 yards short and rolled up to within two feet of the hole. I made my put. Doug made a charge later, birdieing 14 and 15, while I bogeyed 16, so that saved stroke on 5 was the difference as we tied up at 18.

The wind here was directly behind us, blowing about 50 mph. Doug hit first and his drive stopped short of the green, 350 yards away. I debated between a driver and a three-wood, finally deciding on the driver. I removed one of my sweaters so I could make a freer swing at the ball and aimed my drive at the flagstaff left of the green. I hit it exactly as I wanted. The ball landed just short of the putting surface, rolled up, barely missed hitting the pin, then rolled off the green and stopped on a bank in some heavy grass.

Doug played a beautiful pitch-and-run shot with a four-iron to within five

feet. If he sank his putt and I took a par by no means assured at this point) we would go to sudden-death. I was lucky again to have a good lie in the rough, with the grass bending toward the green. I took out a sand wedge and, standing with both feet ahead of the ball, prepared to hit my shot. Suddenly I remembered having the same shot at Muirfield, where I won the British Open in 1966. That time I hit the ball three feet. This time I wanted to avoid that kind of disaster, yet I did not want to hit the ball past the hole and down into the Valley of Sin, from where I had three-putted the previous day. I had to land it short of the hole—and close if possible.

The ball came out just right, and rolled up eight feet short. My putt was the same putt Doug had on Saturday—only longer. I told myself to keep still over the ball. I knew it would break left to right, the way Doug's putt broke Saturday. The ball broke across the cup but caught the right side of the hole—and dropped in.

A birdie. The British Open at St. Andrews. My caddy, Jim Dickinson, and I both were almost in tears. I was so excited I jumped up and my putter flew 40 feet into the air. Doug ducked, but I told him, "You're all right." I had never acted like that before. It was not characteristic of me. But I had never won at St. Andrews before.

I was delighted, too, at the way this ended a long, long drought. I had an 0-for-12 record in major championships, as everyone had been reminding me. Some people go lifetimes without winning a major championship; I go three years and they all say "Nicklaus is finished." But breaks determine who wins a major golf tournament, and I got my share at St. Andrews. Doug and I played 90 holes. I took 355 shots, he took 356. One stroke is a lucky difference.

So, now I have won 10 major championships—three Masters, two U.S. Opens, two British Opens, two U.S. Amateurs and one PGA. I always have maintained that the only way one golfer can separate himself from all the other golfers is to win more major championships than Bobby Jones did. Bobby Jones won 13. I need three more to tie him—and four more to beat him. That is my goal. Fourteen Major Championships. I may never get there, but I'll try.

END



Arnold Palmer with Sanders and the previous season's trophy holder, St. Andrews champion



THE SMELL OF DEATH WAS IN THE AIR

Old Karl Wallenda walked a wire 750 feet above a rocky Georgia gorge, with every step a giant leap for his kind of man **by MARK KRAM**

Night moved across the northern half of Georgia, then quickly fell, and all that could be seen was the swirling dust in front of the headlights and a faraway flicker across an open field. The preacher was the weak light of a tent meeting, a revival which, like the so-called meemshine of the South, is believed to be in decline and quite inferior. It may be, but it hardly seemed so here in this tent, filled with frantic moths and wet, comatose faces nodding at a frail, agitated preacher whose hands slipped at unseen evil "out there on this Georgia night."

"God is swift!" cried the preacher. "Oh, yeahhh," the crowd agreed. "He is swift," he said again. "Oh, yeahhh. He is. He's got an extraordinary sense, that's what He has. That man, who's gonna go walkin' tomorrow, that man . . . he knows how swift the Lord

is. Pray, brothers and sisters, pray for that man that the Lord won't be so soon tomorrow."

The man, the recipient of the reverend's spiritual langes, was Karl Wallenda, age 65, the most gifted highwire artist in history. What Karl Wallenda was going to do seemed to cry for prayers, or perhaps a parachute. He was going to walk across Tallulah Gorge, close to a thousand feet wide and 750 feet in depth. It would be, aside from madness, the second greatest walk of all time: the moon, the promoters conceded reluctantly after lengthy debate, deserved top billing.

"When he falls off," a photographer asked an engineer, "what's the best way to get down to the bottom?"

"The same way he went," said the engineer.

One could reach out and feel the quiv-

Beginning to smile, Wallenda enjoys the end of the 20 minutes about 30,000 people.

er of bad vibrations in this speck of a town. Death, like a giant shadow, has always been near the lives of the Wallendas. First there was the accident in Detroit in 1962, which put two of them in graves and one in a wheelchair for life. Then, there was Yvna, who fell in Omaha and lay there with that worried look of the Wallendas lining her face even in death.

"My brother Karl is insane," said Herman Wallenda, looking out over the ominous gorge. "He does not need this . . . but the applause, ah, the applause. . . . It is his whole life . . . it is like a treasure."

So, last Saturday afternoon, in front of 30,000 people and Governor Lester Maddox, who said that he, too, was praying real hard, Karl Wallenda took a walk in the 50th year of his career and made it look like a brisk evening constitutional. The sensitive life and wisdom in his seven-foot frame carried him across the rock-strewn gorge in 20 minutes and in 616 steps. For diversions he stood on his head twice. The striking aspect of it all, though, was not just spectacle. It was the portrait he presented, the towering physical strength and beautiful nerves under a premature few ever feel.

This was, too, so human a thing, so amazingly individualistic in a breathtaking period in history that finds men slipping deeper and deeper into the mold of mass man. The huge glassing machinery of our society seemed to come apart like a Tinker Toy with every step he took. He was alone, and it was so staggering to imagine the amount of hard-core insurance he must possess in his own power and vulnerability. The problems that confronted him were enormous: the thermal currents of the gorge, the 35-pound balancing pole that could suddenly seem like 200 pounds to an old man, and, finally, the deadly 821 feet of sloping downhill wire.

Yet he walked the wire 11 1/2 feet of an inch in diameter 20 minutes faster than he thought he would. He was quite cautious early in the walk, and then he seemed to pick up the pace. As his tiny figure began to emerge slowly out of that awful, hot sky, one could see through field glasses a smile grow larger and larger on his rubbery, almost

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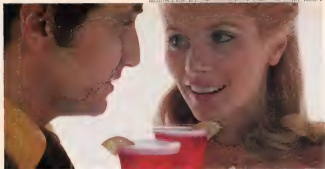
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clocklike face. His wife, who has refused to watch him perform for eight years, hid her face in her hands. Only occasionally would she look up, and then she would begin to sob. When he reached the end he was promptly placed on a stretcher where he could be examined by doctors who were interested in his heartbeat. He remained under this observation only briefly, then walked over to the grandstand, trailed by 200 reporters and photographers, some from Europe, where he partook of a martini-meat marinade. "I've had two a day for 20 years," he says.

The crowd, there from all parts of the country and sensing tragedy, was visibly relieved that he survived. "You see, my friend," said brother Herman, "death has become good business for the Wallendas." Herman smiled ironically, and rightly so. The Wallendas have always been one of the great circus acts in the world, but even they never really made big money. The most they would make might be \$2,500 a week, say, for one two-week stand, but there were seven of them in the act, their expenses were high and the playing-dates quite uneven. Then came Detroit, and suddenly the name Wallenda took on a strange fascination. "I do not blame them, the people," says Herman. "It is what our lives have been all about. The smell of death, that is what we are about."

The memory of the accident trails Karl, the patriarch of the family, from day to day. He was and is the spirit of the family, a man admired and hated by many, yet always a man who commands genuine respect. He is a disciplined, morally hard German with one of the great eyes of the world, but not even intimidated or involved with himself can chase the horror of Detroit. "I couldn't look down," he says. "There is a picture in my mind of the ring down there . . . and the boys. They are broken and still, and around them there are the balance poles and bars and the chair . . . just pieces. That picture is in my mind and I never lose it. If I look down once I know I will see it again . . . those boys. If I look I go mad. I don't look."

"We are about halfway through when I feel something is wrong," continues Karl. "Then I see that Dieter is not ready and I listen close. I hear that he is talking to himself. I know there is trou-



A 2,000-gram telescopic grip catches Wallenda as he starts with one of his final death-defies.

ble. He is so close to the platform. Then I see there is something wrong with his pole. And then there is that voice, that cry. 'Ich kann nicht weiter halten [I can't hold it any longer]!' Then I see it drop. I know we are all going to go. I know this but I cannot believe it. Jana is at the top on the chair and she has no chance at all. I hit the wire hard and it feels as if it goes right through my crotch. Then Jana comes down on my back and she grabs me, and I hold on to her until I can drop her to safety. I went back up again two days later. You see, it has to be that way. If I go up I can concentrate on my work. Down here I see two people dead and one more almost dead."

Wallenda talked freely of death last week in the hills of Georgia, and it even startled the stone-hard hillmen who admire him in men. But, as one of them said, "He's the damned scariest thing I ever did see." The people and the region were a perfect backdrop for this event, which cost the promoters more than \$60,000. The common and construction of the wire alone cost \$50,000, and Wallenda received \$10,000. The admission was \$5 per person. The money would go toward building an amphitheater where regional historical drama can be offered. The publicity, hopefully, would resurrect Tallulah as a summer resort. Whether any of this is ever realized, it still will always be remembered as an afternoon of strange charms.

Vaguely, it had the clamor of the Scopes trial in Dayton, Tenn., but a quali-

ty all its own and taboos that stick in the mind: the old, old hill people looking empty for hours out over the gorge and at the wire; the fine-looking women from downstate with their Zelda Fitzgerald faces or the plain Scotch-Irish faces, wearing big floppy hats and looking so deceptively fragile. And finally the hill talk: "She shine down here, but ain't no more good anymore. Ya feel anything in it nowadays from Red Devil by to parts of snakes and possums who get in the stuff at night." Or "Governor Maddox, you say. Who, we got the only real honest governor in this country. He don't steal a nickel. Why, Ole Lomax, he don't have sense enough to steal nothin'."

The event belonged in these hills, and it really belonged to a time that is no more. But most of all it had the character—even though it was just a fragment—of the old circus that made a dream a reality suddenly one morning in an empty corner of a vacant lot. In Tallulah there was once again the smell of poster panic, the mysterious dancers from the Middle East who (fearfully) chewed gum and looked at their nails and, if you could sneak on the lot after dark, there was that ghostly, scary sight of canvas in the moonlight. That was the way it felt in the Mountain Gorge, Ga., and only a technocrat would call it all frivolous and useless.

"Useless?" asks Karl Wallenda. "Who, it cannot ever be useless. To perform is to live, and everything else is waiting."

END

SPEED TO BURN, BABY, BURN

A SUBCULTURE of flaky speed freaks? Maybe it was once, but no more. It is organized drag racing now, all glossy with public relations and a growth image—crowds are up 30% over last year. Why, PTA presidents have been known to participate, openly and without shame. The top U.S. hot rod associations swear that more than 10 million spectators saw a million-plus entries in some 6,000 sanctioned events last year alone, numbers that are getting pretty cultural, and everything is up, up, up in 1970, including a record \$5 million in prizes. Turn the pages for a James Drake photographic sampler of the scene, followed by expert testimony from the nation's hottest rodder of them all, Don (Big Daddy) Garlits.

BURNING OUT is dragster talk for spinning wide rear tires in puddles of bleach, as Chip Woodell does here, to improve the traction.







HANGING OUT THE LAUNDRY, as they say, a supercharged dragster uses its parachute brake to help decelerate from a top speed of better than 200 mph. The Trojan helmet at left is one driver's reach for individuality. Like two of the three men below, he wears a face mask with breathers designed to filter out toxic exhaust fumes during normal operation and smoke in case of fire. The other driver uses a bubble mask.



I'M THE GUY WHO LEAVES THEM BREATHLESS

by DON GARLITS

Let's say you are about to attend your first major drag-racing meet. Welcome to a weekend of pure confusion. First, there won't be just one kind of car to watch as there would be at, say, a stock-car race or the Indy 500. There will be just about every kind of vehicle imaginable, from 1940 Fords outfitted with 1970 Cadillac engines to stock 1955 Chevys to Super Stocks to Funny Cars, which look just like stock cars but definitely are not. And then there will be the purest dragsters of them all, the Class AA fuelers, aka land on machines, which look like nothing you have ever seen before.

The language will be like nothing you have heard before, either. The cars and teams will have names like the Ramchargers, the Freight Train and the Hammer. The drivers and their crews will talk of "hoops" and "hole shots" and "tripping the hammer" and "hoards." Never mind most of it; the words are substitutes for technical terms. But *hoard* means car; "I hurt my old hoard" means I blew an engine.

Once you get away from all that fancy language, the weird paint jobs and the many classes of competition, drag racing is really just a simple exercise in high school physics. You've got a know n-

ness: that's your car, and you want to move this mass the quickest way possible from point A to point B. The two points happen to be 1,320 feet apart. This is all you really need to know about drag racing. You measure your speed, naturally, and the elapsed time, called the ET, through the quarter-mile clocks. It is a lesson in acceleration, pure and simple.

I am now 38 years old and I have spent the last 20 of these years in the sport, 14 of them as a professional. During that time I have earned a little money, and won nine national titles of various sorts, including the big one three times—the National Hot Rod Association championships held every Labor Day weekend at Indianapolis. In the old days, oh, say, in the early 1950s, there were practically no rules. You just got your car, a '32 or a '40 Ford or whatever, and you went out and ran it. You didn't have to have a helmet or goggles; you didn't have to have anything. You just ran your car. It is different now, organized and safe. The sport is grown up, respected, with a terrific following. Last year 150,000 people showed up to see the eliminations at Indianapolis, and that tells it all.

About those unlimited Class AA fuelers that I drive: a pure dragster is the way to get the purest acceleration and, to me, that's what the game is all about. I build them myself. Today the record top speed is 240 miles an hour—which I hold unofficially—and my best ET is 6.5 seconds. To overcomplicate, a dragster is powered by a reciprocating engine that feeds power to the tires through the transmission, and the whole thing is held together by the chassis—which moves in a reasonably straight line for less than seven seconds. My dragster is called either the Wynn's Jammer, named for my chief sponsor, or the Swamp Rat, named

after me. First, this is what it looks like, and then I'll tell you what a kick it is to drive it.

Swamp Rat has a chassis made of tubular steel and a wheelbase of 213 inches, because a dragster's stability, to a point, is directly proportional to its length. I have you ever seen a short, stubby rocket at Cape Kennedy? My power plant is a 426-cu.-in. Dodge Hornad engine full of superstrong parts, with a big supercharger mounted up on top that allows me to generate around 1,800 hp. Since most of the weight is supported by the extra-wide rear tires, the front tires are extremely light and just 20 inches wide. The whole bundle weighs just over 1,200 pounds, which gives me a power-to-weight ratio of about 1.33 to 1. The creature burns an exotic fuel—about 83% nitromethane and 15% various coolants and lubricants—and it burns four gallons of the stuff in that quarter-mile run.

Here we go: there is about as much ritual in getting ready to run for 6.5 seconds as there is in outfitting an astronaut to go to the moon. 1) I get into my flameproof suit and 2) I stuff wads of cotton in my ears and 3) I pull on my flameproof face mask and then 4) the helmet and then 5) I climb into the car at the last minute. You don't like to stay in the car too long because it's hot. And it is a very cramped and confining place. The cockpit has a gas pedal, a clutch pedal and a steering wheel—all normal stuff. Right foot on the gas, left foot on the clutch. There is a hand brake. There is my parachute D ring that will release a 34-foot-diameter chute in back, enough to bring the car back down to about 100 mph from top speed. There are a couple of other little touches, a fuel shutoff handle and a kill switch and a synchro mechanism that I can release with a sharp slap.

TEARING THE NIGHT in an after-dark event, a Detroit muscle car does its quarter mile (above). Lights add an eerie dimension to a sport that is mind-bending enough in daylight. The pickup truck below produces 150 mph and is fitted with small roller wheels to help stabilize its starts.

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SPEED Continued

We're pushing out now: the staging crew has signaled us. I let the clutch out, the engine turns over, the oil pressure comes up, I turn on the fuel, the mixture comes out of the pipes, and I turn on the mag. The engine fires to life—hopefully. And we push on out. First we burn out the tires (see page 27). Then we pull up on the staging line. I get very comfortable in the car now. Kind of settle down in the seat and check all the belts, make sure everything's all nice and tight, everything's in position, and I look at the light tower. There is a vertical series of yellow lights to watch: they gradually get brighter as they go down. I give a motion for my crew to get away from the car. Sometimes their eyes are blurry and they can hardly see because of the nitro fumes. I've got my mask on which feeds me pure air, so I'm O.K.

I look over and see where my competitor is and I pull right up on the first stage, the prestage. Then I wait for him. And then we just kind of wait there a little bit. And the next thing that I do is try not to worry about whether or not I'm staging exactly with him or ahead of or behind him. I try to get my own car perfect for the light. He has a light, I have a light; if my light turns on ahead of him, so what? We're both on the clocks.

Now then, I like to exceed the strip records so that when I go away from there the fans will say, "Well, we were out at the drag center and Big Daddy broke both ends of the strip record." This sticks in their minds. In other words I've been hired to leave them breathless, right? I'm the professional, the hired killer, you know, the guy who's supposed to have done all these things. And if you come there and don't live up at least partially to your reputation, guys get to thinking, well, it's a whole bunch of phony advertising. If you're billed as Big Daddy, the National Champion, 240 miles an hour, World's Fastest Dragster, you should do something that's exceptional. And I'm going to drive that way.

Then comes the exact moment. The light hits the last yellow—that's when I hammer on the clutch. And from there on there's not much to it. You try to go as straight as you can.

I always concentrate on winning the race; I put completely out of my mind any possibility that I might lose. And then the next problem is making it go in a real straight line to get the absolute

best ET possible. Occasionally I get butterflies. But as soon as the engine starts they clear up. I always calm down when the engine starts, for some reason. And everything is O.K. then. It all seems so right. It vibrates up through my legs, up through the seat of my pants. That's how I tell. I've got cotton in my ears and I can't hear; it's a vibration feeling.

And I'll tell you something else that happens: you evidently get a big shot of adrenaline because, suddenly, everything goes slow motion to me. I don't know about the other guys. But that light just lazily comes down that tower, see, in half-second intervals. It seems like it just blinks lazily down, and then, as that last yellow blinks on I know that the next one that blinks on is going to be green. But I usually leave on a good, strong yellow. The yellow comes on and brightness, and that's when I hammer. I put it right on the wood. The gas. And I let the clutch out, almost all the way, and it goes out real good. It takes a lot of clutch to bring that car out of the gate.

And then I drive down that straight line, trying to hold it straight. It's all over too quick.

And I just look at the ET light going by, and then I come off the throttle and pull on the parachute. In that order.

Drag racing. I just enjoy it.

Well, I'm sitting here now kind of gimpy-legged because last winter a trick two-speed transmission I was experimenting with exploded and broke my chassis in half and I spent a lot of time in the hospital with a broken left leg and half my right foot blown off - and I must admit I'm thinking very hard about whether I should retire from driving. (I made one quick run a couple of months ago at Bristol, Tenn. during the AHRA Spring Nationals, but that doesn't really count.) My family wants me to quit because it's not very pleasant for them to sit by the telephone every Sunday afternoon, not knowing when the phone rings whether it'll be me saying I won or lost or somebody else saying, "There's been an accident." But I kind of think I'll drive again. In the early years I got enough of a kick from the mechanical end of drag racing, but in the end you've got to prove the worth of what you build by driving it yourself. And I get a little too nervous standing around and watching the other guys come out of the hole.

END

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 **SPERRY RAND**

MAN OF MACHISMO: Part 2

by JOE KAPP with JACK OLSEN

The 1968 Vikings finally got it all together. Bud Grant taught us such things as how to retain our zen and enthusiasm but to use them with a little more common sense and not take stupid penalties. The results of his teaching hit a high point in the last game of 1968, against the Philadelphia Eagles. We won 24-17 and didn't draw a single penalty. Not even an offside. We won the Central Division for the first time with a record of 8 and 6—but then we blew the playoff game against Baltimore. The Colts scored three touchdowns, one of them on a safety blitz when the ball was knocked into the air before I could get off a pass. Mike Curtis grabbed it and went 60 yards for a score. That was the game I cooked on during the winter. By the time we went to camp before the 1969 season I had played and re-played that Baltimore game in my nightmares and daydreams.

In camp last summer we began to look good, but we had a major problem: John Beasley, our star tight end, was in the Army, and we were looking for help. We had high hopes for a green rookie about half a foot over six feet and around 250 pounds with the moves of a Gene Washington and the power of a John Mackey and the disposition of Ferdinand of Aves. Potentially, this rook was the best tight end in football, except that he was so over-awed about being in an NFL training camp that he couldn't bring himself to hit anybody. He would bump-swing-bump and say, "I excuse me, sir." So I to a guy who's trying to beat him out! One day I took him aside and I asked him how he was enjoying training camp. "Oh, just fine, Mr. Kapp," he said. "Yes, sir, just fine."

This really got me. He wasn't supposed to be feeling just fine. He was supposed to be working his

tail off, burning, stretching his body to the limit because he needed a job and we needed a tight end. So I decided to call in my old pharmaceutical ally, tequila, to solve the problem. That night I took this big kid and his roomie to a pub. "You ever had tequila?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," they both answered.

"O.K.," I said, I nodded a dozen.

Well, the drinks were served and I started sipping on one and the roommate started sipping on another and the big tight end started tossing them down like kerosene.

"Man," I said, "don't you want to make this team?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Well, the drinks were served and I started sipping on one and the roommate started sipping on another and the big tight end started tossing them down like kerosene."

"Yes, sir," he said. "Yes, sir."

"Don't 'Yes, sir' me!" I said. "Get mad! Get out there on that field and do something!"

"Yes, sir," he said. "But to who?"

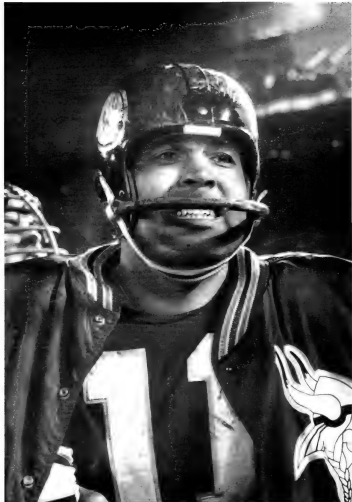
"To anybody that gets in your way," I said. "To Bud Grant, if he's in your way. Right now you'd better think about the strong safety, Karl Kaszlake. He's always on you, and you don't hit him. Now tomorrow I want you to hate Kaszlake, I want you to kill Kaszlake. Tear him to pieces!"

By this time the tight end is halfway through his 10-tequilas and he's standing up and making fists and saying, "Yah, yah," just like Alex Kanas. "I'll get that Kaszlake!"

His roommate and I managed to haul him back to the dormitory by curfew time, and then I went to my room to talk to some of the guys. At training camp the coaches have the first floor, and

A MISFIT WHO LIVES TO WIN

That is Joe Kapp's assessment of himself. Quarterbacking, he says, is the natural refuge for the eager player too small to block, too slow to run. Yet no quarterback is better than his line, and here Kapp tells how the Vikings made him look great in the 1969 regular season



erans the second and mokes the third, and after carfaw the rookies are stronly forbidden to leave their floor. Around 11:30 we were jawing away and Katsulke came into my room and I told him what had happened. "Thanks a lot!" he said. "Thanks for training that big animal on me." Suddenly we heard a roar from the hall.

"Yah, yah, yahhh," this big voice was saying. "Yah, yah, YAHHH!" It was like Fat Albert in the Bill Cosby routine. I looked out my door and saw the tight end in his undershorts. He was strutting up and down the hall and opening doors. In between "Yah, yah," he was hollering. "Where's that Katsulke? I expect a shatusstreich! I'm gonna kill that mother!"

I slammed the door and Karl jumped into my closet. A few of the guys went out and at great personal risk, took to calm the tight end. They finally got him back to his bed, where he drifted off into a *taquila* coma for the night.

"O.K., Karl," I said. "You can come out now, and I think we've got ourselves a tight end."

"Yeah," Katsulke said, "and lost yourself a strong safety!"

The next morning we all waited eagerly for the rookie to arrive, but he didn't attend the morning session. It takes a while to sleep off 10 *taquila*. In the afternoon he showed up, more dead than alive, and when he banged into Katsulke on a down-and-out pass he stopped dead and said, "Oh, excuse me, Mr. Katsulke." He was out soon after. Maybe he'll be able to pull off his great talents together and play for another year. But he may never be strong enough.

I know it must sound ridiculous for grown men to brag about how vicious they are, but that's exactly what is at the heart of our team's success. As a group, the Minnesota Vikings are a very enthusiastic bunch of guys; they like to play the game, and they like to hit. We have good, clean-cut violent types, guys like Leonie Warwick and Dale Hackbart, Carl Eller, Jim Marshall, Wally Hilgenberg, 34 others. They're all fine gentlemen, but they're also bitters. And they're happy in their work.

You should see our scrimmages. I'm always picking up newspapers and magazines and reading about our "Purple People Eaters," our front four, but nobody has to tell me anything about them. I work out against them more than any-

body in the NFL, and I have the scars to prove it. What a group! They call themselves "three dots and a dash"—that's because Eller and Marshall and Alan Page are black and Gary Larsen is white. Larsen is the only genuine Norwegian on the team—he's not Scandinavian origin, and I call him "Odein." Remember in the movie *The Vikings* when Ernest Borgnine jumped into a pit full of wolves and pulled out his sword and hollered "Odein! Odein was the god of war or something, and nothing made Borgnine happier than to die with a sword in his hand screaming "Odein! Gary's not quite the same; he'd settle for a hank of Roman Gabriel's anatomy. So would Carl Eller and Jim Marshall. As first we thought Alan Page might be a little more on the gentle, studious side, coming out of Notre Dame and all. But

it turned out he had a howl like a coyote, and every now and then he lets out this "Gowwwwowow!" and tries to crush my ribs. Paul Dickson, our fifth lineman, is a philosopher and poet off the field, but when the scrimmage began he starts growling, and he drives the offensive linemen crazy because he plays dummy practice scrimmages just like a game, growling all the while. And Jerry Barnes, our offensive coach, is a scream-er; when we do something wrong, he'll stand there and holler "Clown! Clown! CLOWNS!" Can you imagine our scrimmages? I come up to the line and there's the howler howling and the growler growling and Jerry Barnes hollering "Clown! Clown! CLOWNS!" Sometimes I welcome the league games just for the peace and quiet.

16 my early days with the Vikings

WAITING TO GO IN AGAINST THE BEARS, RAPP CONFRONS WITH CORNH BUD GRANT.



there were times when I looked around at all this talent and wondered what I was doing there. And right from the beginning I tried to impress one thing on the club: this Kapp may not be any good, he may be lacking in certain abilities, but he wants to win more than anybody else. Maybe every quarterback thinks the same way: I don't know every cornerback. But I figure I'm playing with the finest football players in the world, and there's one department where I can beat them all: in desire. I can want to win more than anybody else on earth—and I do. Not for the press, not for the fans and not only for the money, but mostly for myself, for my personal pride. I know a lot of successful men, even a few millionaires, but there's one thing I've got that they don't have and never will have: I can play quar-

terback on a pro team, and they can't. I'm proud of that. That's what it's all about: playing—and winning—and doing something to the best of your abilities. That's where the fun comes in. So I try to impress this on the other Vikings, and maybe it helps a little. Our general manager, Jim Finks, paid me the greatest compliment: he said that the club plays 10¹ better for me than it would for any other quarterback, and if he's right it's only because I've convinced those other characters that I'm there to play football and to win.

I'm not interested in publicity or all the other stuff. I'm not playing football for the sole purpose of gaining prestige in my off-season job. I'm not interested in all those side issues: Brodie and his golf, Namath and his nightclubs, Kramer and his books, all those guys with

their big private enterprises. You don't hear about me in the off season. I'm a pro football player, and that's enough. Oh, I enjoy antique cars like my '39 La Salle, and I dig money and cowboy boots and good old American food like steaks and enchiladas and frijoles, but those are just to keep me going till the game starts. That's when I begin to live. I've played in one big game or another on every weekend for about 25 of my 32 years and I've developed some kind of rhythm about it. All week long my system is readjusting itself for the weekend—for Friday night, when we used to play our high school games, or for Saturday afternoon, when Cal played, or for Sunday afternoon, when the pros play. It's become so much a part of me that I almost become buggy on weekend nights in the off season. Marcia and I have to go out and do something. If she brought me a pipe and slippers on weekends, I'd go right through the roof.

In any way, I'm lucky that my high-school coach, A. J. Lewis, slipped me into the quarterbacking position, or I probably wouldn't be playing ball at all. Where would they play me? It's a fundamental fact about quarterbacks, almost every one of them, that they're not good enough to play any other position. Quarterback is the natural refuge for a guy with a big mouth and few natural abilities. So you find that pro quarterbacks are the guys who wanted to play more than the others, the guys who wanted to get out and win, the mofos. Look at them stumbling around out there. Where would Sonny Jurgensen play if he wasn't a quarterback (and the finest passer in football)? Where would Bart Starr play? Even the physical types like Greg Cook and Greg Landry and Roman Gabriel would have a tough time breaking in at another position. Can they run fast enough and hard enough to fit into a backfield? I doubt it. They're like all the rest of us: not big enough to be linemen, not fast enough to be ends, not quick enough to be running backs. So they stand out there and throw a football at a tree for weeks on end until they have mastered this very unnatural act called passing, and then they hang out a sign that says "quarterback."

But that's not the most mysterious fact about quarterbacking, not by a long shot. The most mysterious thing is the way these quarterbacks, these undisciplinables, get all the attention. There's not

continued

THE VIKINGS WON 31-14 AS KAPP THREW TOUCHDOWNS TO BEASLEY AND WASHINGTON



a pro football player alive who doesn't know that the game is won or lost in the line, but who writes about the line! It's always the quarterback. "Star lead, Packers to Super Bowl." "Len Dawson Engineers Upset." "Tarkenton Scrambles to Victory." Bull! It's a joke! When our British Columbia Lions won everything in the Canadian League in 1966, I made a speech that the line had won it. When we lost everything in 1965, I made a speech that the line had lost it. People thought I was kidding. I wasn't.

Look at the quarterbacks who overnight went from bad to good, or good to bad. Did they change? No, their lines did. Y. A. Tittle didn't win for San Francisco, but he was sensational for New York. Bill Nelsen never did much at Pittsburgh, but when he went to Cleveland and started performing behind a strong line he won the Eastern championship. Earl Morrall had always been a second-stringer, but when he went to Baltimore he became the most valuable player in the league. Was he really the most valuable player, or was he just the same old competent quarterback that he had always been? Or take Don Meredith. When he was playing at Dallas, the cliché was that Meredith couldn't win the big ones. So he retires and Craig Morton takes over and they still don't win the big ones. Now the idea is beginning to reach the Dallas fans that there are 39 other players on the team. But that concept is slow to take hold. Even sportswriters who should know better place far too much emphasis on quarterbacking. This attitude reached some kind of new height of absurdity at this year's Super Bowl game. While we were working out at New Orleans, getting ready for the game, reporters learned that my son, J.J., age 6, was staying with his grandparents in Sacramento. They went out and interviewed him. "Who's your favorite player, J.J.?"

"Dave Osborn."

"Why?"

"Because he took me fishing."

That actually saw print. But nobody was out interviewing the sons of Grady Alderman and Mick Tingelhoff and Jim Valvano and Doug Davis and all the other fine linemen who watch over me like den mothers. No, it's always the quarterback, and if they can't find the quarterback they'll go interview his 6-year-old son.

I wind up reading so much about quar-



HIS BLOCKERS MASSED IN FRONT, RAPP SCRAMES FOR A RUN AGAINST THE BENGALS

terbacking—and about myself—that I'd almost think there's nobody else involved in pro football. At the end of last season they had a big dinner in the Twin Cities and they named me our most valuable offensive player and Jim Marshall our most valuable defensive player. Well, Jim accepted his award graciously and said that it could just as easily have gone to any other member of the front four—which was true. Then I went to the head table and accepted the offensive award, and just after I sat down they announced the award for the most valuable Viking of all, and it was me again. As I walked back toward the front I felt like the world's biggest phony, and I knew I had to do something. So I took the microphone and I said, "There is no most valuable Viking. There are only 40 most valuable Vikings." You may chalk that up as pure

hokum and corn if you want, but that's exactly how I felt. I walked back to my seat and left the trophy up there. For all I know, it's still up there.

I keep on reading stupid things about quarterbacking, like the Ray Nitschke quote to the effect that it annoys him that I think I'm a great quarterback. Where in the world did he ever get an idea like that for was it some writer's idea? I don't think I'm great, but I think I'm competent. What the hell, I'm playing in the National Football League, right? And on a pretty good team, right? Didn't I already say that every player in pro football is good? Well, that includes me. Of course, you'll read how I'm clumpy—I throw off balance or on the wrong foot, my passes wobble and sometimes go end over end, I run like a tank, etc., etc. None of this bothers me,

If I was out there to look good, I'd put on white shoes and wear a mustache. It doesn't make a particle of difference to me if I throw a complicated pass off the wrong foot or pick up 10 yards by rushing like Dagwood Bumstead trying to catch a bus. I've seen quarterbacks who try to take that extra step to be in perfect position to unload a pass and the next thing they know they're trying to breathe under 100 pounds of linemen. You don't always have time to look like Rodolf Nureyev out there. I've seen some quarterbacks who fold up beautifully, go under with great grace and style, but I always wondered why they didn't try to salvage some yards first.

I've nobody knows some of my passes better. I throw a few ducks. One reason is that I don't bother using the laces. Some sportswriters have theorized that this is because I learned to pass by heaving lettuce heads in Salinas, and there are no laces on lettuce. The truth is that the laces vary from ball to ball and this can throw you off. I just grab the seed and fling, and sometimes I even complete a few. Then I'll pick up the papers after the game and find out that I passed without floss. Last year I read this complaint so often that I finally went to our star wide receiver, Gene Washington, the best in the business, and I said, "Gene, does it bother you that my passes wobble sometimes?"

"Listen, man," he said. "I don't care if the ball spins or not. I don't care if it flutters or not, if the tip is up or down or which end of it says Wilson, I just want it to be there when I'm there."

The funny thing is that I threw maybe two perfect spirals in the whole 1969-70 season. One of them was in a key game against the Rams, and Eddie Minter intercepted it. The other was in a crucial play in the Super Bowl, and I upended the ball 10 yards and over Gene's head. If I'd thrown one of my typical knuckleballs, Gene would have been able to catch the pass and you'd have seen one of the most delicious plays—and maybe a different ending for the Super Bowl. Maybe not, too. The way those Kansas City players play, it's hard to imagine anybody beating them that day. But if we'd only—no, I don't say it. One word, one, as Doris Day and my mother would say. That means, "If the frog had wings, he wouldn't have to jump."

Super Bowl loss or not, I look back on Minnesota's last season as a supreme

Continued

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MISFIRE continued

expression of football togetherness, of wanting to win and committing yourselves to excellence, I told you how the scrimmages were, and the games were no different. Forty guys were working their tails off out there, enjoying every minute of it, playing for one another. Later some critics said we peaked too early, as though we were in an election campaign. Well, maybe so. We lost our opener by one point to the Giants, and then we came up against Baltimore, the team that had beaten us in the playoffs the year before, and we peaked them right out of the ball park. We had cooked on the 1968 loss all year and we were out to prove something. We won 52-14, and I tied an NFL record by throwing seven touchdown passes. After the game the usual ridiculous thing happened; the press circled me in front of my locker and hardly talked to anybody else. I was embarrassed, because I know better than those reporters where the game had been won, so I shouted, "Remember the Alamo!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" one writer asked.

"That's the last time the Mexicans won anything," I said. I was so embarrassed I was talking nonsense, but then the whole idea of attributing our victory to me was also nonsense.

After that game we won a long string and usually the wins could be traced to enthusiasm and togetherness and a willingness to submerge our own individual egos for the good of the team. A team slogan had evolved: "40 for 60," meaning 40 guys functioning together for 60 minutes of every game and no individual star stuff. Our special teams under Jim Lindsey got so swept up in the "40 for 60" routine that they manhandled everybody in the league, and we actually had players on defense and offense asking to play on the special teams. Everybody picked up everybody else. I had poor games against Green Bay and Pittsburgh, and Gary Cuozzo came in both times to save us. Oscar Reed and Clark Jones filled in at running back. Ed Sharockman sprained his ankle and had to sit out as cornerback, and Bobby Bryant went in and intercepted eight passes and even made a few of the All-Pro teams. Then Bryant got hurt and Sharockman came back in and played beautifully. Dale Hackbart got beat out at safety by Paul Krause, but Dale filled in as our fifth man-on-pass defense and

he played on the special teams with such gusto that he almost devastated Ron Smith of the Rams one day and whacked a couple more guys so hard that you could hear the impact two blocks away. That's what "40 for 60" is all about.

We even scored touchdowns by dumb luck, but that's the way it is when you're rolling—you get lucky and you create a lot of it yourself. You're winning, and when you win, you get unexpected bonuses. On Thanksgiving Day we were having a tough game against Detroit, and then Jim Marshall intercepted a pass and took off down the side lines. Now imagine that! Jim Marshall is just under six-foot, and he weighs 250 pounds, and he doesn't exactly look like Peggy Fleming out there. He's chugging along and the Lions are about to run him when he turns and sees our baby-mama Alan Page chugging along behind him, giving his expert bowl. Just as Marshall is about to go down for the count, he flips the ball to Page, and Alan goes in standing up. Can you imag-

ine? A quarter ton of defensive linemen engineering a 60-yard touchdown like that. Later on they explained what was going through their heads. In practice, we play this French game called *la grilleuse*, where the defensive line stands the offensive line and it's really nothing much more than a free-for-all, with the ball squaring all over the place and laterals and punts being thrown from anywhere on the field. During the course of the middle of a key league game and they acted like they were playing *la grilleuse*. Jim laterated that precious sack of gold to Alan, and we were in. *Ay, ah-hoo-ah!*

But that's what positive thinking does for you. In one of our games against the Bears, I came back to the huddle and I said, "Boys, this play is gonna go to the posts. To the posts! Now here's how we do it. If they get in the over-shift, we're gonna block it rock. If they get in the under-shift, we're gonna cross-block it. Ozzie's gonna carry the seed, and he's going to the posts!" Well, that's exactly what happened. Dave (Dehorn

went 58 yards and scored standing up, and when we ran off the field our defense was screaming at me. We were supposed to make some first downs before we scored and give our defense a rest. They were hot, I said to Ozzie, "Hey, man, you got to learn not to take me so seriously."

Ozzie says, "Well, if you want first downs, say so! You said you wanted to go to the posts, man. If you don't want the posts, then don't say the posts!"

We lost our final game of the season to Atlanta 10-3, a sweet win for home Van Brocklin. We'd have enjoyed winning, but after 12 straight we already had the Central Division clinched and some of our guys had trouble getting up for the Atlanta game, and maybe I was one of them.

NEXT WEEK

Again against the Rams, and Brocklin is the NFL playoff. The Vikings send in the Super Bowl. An enigmatic Kapp tells why.

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■ The six at the Kansas City Royals play ball, they need special attention or at least some tender loving care. That's what they're getting from **Muriel Kauffman**, wife of team owner **Ewing Kauffman**. A member of the Royals' board of directors, she is also interior decorator of the territory and administration building of the team's baseball academy, housing complex in Sarasota, Fla. The bedrooms will have alternating color schemes of blue and white (the Royals' colors) and blue and gold. Mrs. Kauffman says she has "tried to keep the colors masculine and the furnishings sleek" and has "put the bed mattresses on the beds." The classrooms will have soft-green walls and soft-gold armchair desks, because, as Mrs. Kauffman explains, "educational psychologists have determined that soft colors are the best learning colors." Royals fans can only hope her color selections will chase the blues away.

Swinging the Belinsky and his wife, ex-Playmate **Ju Collins**, seem to be living the good life in Indiana. When the Indians pitching for the Indianapolis In-

dians, where he was sent from Cincinnati early in June, he hurries home to his wife and year-old daughter Stephanie. Quite a change for the man who refers to his days with **Marian Van Dusen** as "a fantasy thing until we got married." He adds: "I got a lot of digs, but anyone who ribs me about being married to one of the most beautiful girls in the world is really eating his heart out. Everyone should have a Playmate for a wife."

The always ebullient **Bright Brophy**, Irish novelist and critic-at-large, recently tossed some sharp words on the subject of sport. Miss Brophy is "bored by all forms of racing where the only question is who will arrive first, and all forms of competition where all that counts is coming up the marks at the end." She feels "golf is for busybodies, because so get round in four strokes than your final score reducing your score and thereby underestimating him." Her favorite spectator sport is tennis. "The federation tennis holds for an intellectual game, whose capacity for bodily exertion goes scarcely beyond waving an umbrella to hail a cab, lies in the openness of its psychological content," says Miss Brophy. "An exchange over the net can be passage of brilliant dramatic dialogue." Her attitude toward active participation in sports is another matter. The hitting Brophy "detests the whole business and finds them all intensely boring." She insists, "It's rather like the girls, you've got to do it well or not at all."

Many Irish words on sport from **Eileen Griffiths**, Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Housing and Local Government—who gained practice as a pharmacist at **Town, Linn, Newmarket** and the **Washington Post**. "It is a good thing that man should be pushed to run



fast, climb higher, jump further," Mr. Griffiths declares, for "that is at its best when giving all he has, pushing his talent to the limit, producing that extra dash. Playing games gives satisfaction to the majority, to the ordinary chap, to the low-keyed brilliant sportsman. It all means cheer the champion, but let that enthusiasm be the spur which lifts the remainder of us, middle-aged as well as young, out of our armchairs onto the playing fields." On the practical, rather than the moralistic, side Mr. Griffiths feels that "it is a legitimate task of government to help provide its citizens, albeit at their own expense through taxation—with facilities for widespread recreation and enjoyment." So, ordinary chaps get your shillings together, arise from your armchairs and enjoy.

■ It is the height of the Parisian tourist season, and one of its many attractions is **Claude Terrail**, the 6'4" owner of the **Four d'Argent** restaurant who took around on a 1920s motorbike wearing a helmet instead of a helmet. A sports enthusiast since youth—he was once the French junior tennis champion. Terrail is a devotee of polo. Indeed, he fields his own team, the **Mullers d'Argent**, for games in the Bois

de Boulogne. "A marvelous sport," he exclaims, but "the trouble is that I'm left-handed and it's agreed the rules to play with one's left hand. It's a big handicap having to play with the right hand." Like having to pass through the nose of the **Tour d'Argent**.

If old baseball fans are big record buyers, **Van Lingle Mungo** may make the top 10. Written by someone named **David Frishberg** for an album by remnants called **Oldtimey Band**, Van Lingle Mungo contains entirely the names of 50 old baseball players named rhythmically, and punctuated from time to time with the title name of **Van Lingle Mungo**, the hot-tempered Brooklyn Dodger pitcher out of **Payeland, S.C.** A few of the others: **Howie Polak**, **Johnny Vandermere**, **Frank Bain**, **Frankie Crosetti**, **Johnny Sain**, **Frenchy Bordagany**, **Max Lora**, **Eddie Mathias**, **Phil Cavarretta**, **Whitey Kamoski**, **Hal Isaksky**, **Early Wynn**, **George McQuinn**, **Johnny Pesky**, **Thomson Lee** and **Stigmund Jakacki**. Oh where have you gone **Clete**? Second **Beats** **Peterborough**.

"Hi, I'm **Ross Peterson**, and I'd like to ask you to help keep the beaches clean," says the Governor of Delaware as he rounds the sand at **Whiskey Beach**. Peterson's personal fight against litter has brought tremendous results. The Delaware beaches are nearly spotless since a **Grey Memorial Day**. The governor is also passed by drivers who "aimed" trash out of cars, and with them he takes a hard line. When someone recently dropped a bag of garbage next to his car, he got out and "aimed" it right back at them through the window. "I told them I was the governor of this state and I didn't care for their particular method of getting rid of garbage," Peterson reveals. "They said, 'Yes, sir, please.'"



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A bland bid brings a spicy score

Since many who write about the game nowadays spend a great part of their bridge lives at tournaments, it is probably entirely natural that they should write mostly about some form of duplicate. But the fact remains that fewer than 1% of the estimated 40-million Americans who play bridge have

ever taken part in a duplicate game. The rest play some form of rubber bridge or are what I call "napkin players"; they like to work out published hands by playing them in writing rather than actually sitting at a table.

Admittedly, most rubber games are for nominal stakes or no stakes at all. The quarter-a-corner game among "the girls" or the husband-and-wife set game probably account for more bridge than all the other forms of competition combined. And, really, bridge is not for gamblers, in my opinion; the element of skill is so much more important than the element of luck. Nevertheless, there are regular games for a nickel a point; a few go as high as a dime, plus extras from those who are hooked on kibitzing who want a sporting interest.

The recent appearance of Omar Sharif's Bridge Circus in St. Paul reminded oldtimer Wilfred Bland of a 15c game in which he got away with his most successful bit of trickery in more than 70 years of whist and bridge. He sent me

this deal from the Minneapolis Athletic Club, and it well illustrates that while the purpose of duplicate scoring is to minimize big swings, the purpose of rubber bridge is to make the most of them.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠	J 9 7 6 5	♠	A K Q 10
♥	1	♥	K J 10
♦	J	♦	K 6 2
♣	A K Q 6 2	♣	J 9 8
WEST		SOUTH	
♠	1 2 2	♠	8
♥	K 5 3 2	♥	A Q 5 7
♦	A 7 3	♦	A Q 10 9 5
♣	7 5	♣	10 4 3

NORTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.	DRBL.
PASS	PASS	RECALL.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 7 of clubs

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In the old days, as is evident from the auction, the approach to bidding was considerably different from today's style. Unless he was bound by a rule never to open a four-card major, South would nowadays start the bidding with one heart in order to leave room for a comfortable and nonforcing rebid of two diamonds. The alternative of opening one diamond and then rebidding two hearts would show a strong hand and would be virtually forcing. But years ago, such a sequence was not forcing, and that made Bland's two-spade rebid highly dangerous. There was always a chance that South would pass.

But Bland, down some 2,200 points in the score, had noticed East's double take when he first bid his spade suit, and he was sure that East held a good hand, including spades. So he made the bland rebid of two spades, fully sure that South would not be inclined to pass. As expected, South doubled spades so much that he went to two no trump in the hopes that North could support one

of the red suits. Bland sighed with relief—though not out loud—and raised to three no trump.

East had, he thought, accomplished the purpose of his trap. The opponents obviously were too high on a main hand. East doubled with the confident expectation of getting a spade lead and collecting a bundle. South didn't like a much, but he had to pass and trust his partner. And Bland redoubled, hoping either that his deliberate rebid of the spades had talked West out of the lead his partner's double called for or that a spade lead would make no difference to the success of the contract.

Sure enough, West was too much influenced by North's spade bids to lead that suit. Instead, he opened the unbid club suit. After declarer recovered from the shock of seeing dummy, he won with the spades, took the jack of diamonds, finessed and repeated it. Five diamond tricks and four more club tricks later, East had to discard on dummy's last club in this situation:

SOUTH		WEST		NORTH	
♠ 10	♥ 1	(dummy)		♠ A Q 5 7	♥ 1
♦ 2	♣ —			♦ —	♣ —
				EAST	
				♠ A	♥ K 2 10
				♦ —	♣ —

East could not part with the ace of spades, and when he threw his 10 of hearts, a successful heart finesse gave South the rest of the tricks for a grand slam. So Bland and partner collected 2,750 points, including the 700 awarded for winning the rubber. Of course, they were always entitled to 800 (700 for the rubber plus 100 for game), but the difference of 1,950 points—whether at 15r or two buttons—is what makes rubber bridge still the most popular form of the game.





Things to wear at Sundance, kid

Never mind the fancy turns of modern fashions. Give a girl a chance at the great outdoors and she'll go back to fundamentals every time, which is a pretty sensible rule. If it was good enough for the cowboys, it should be good enough for anybody. This explains the current move by active sportspeople toward practical tags reminiscent of the Butch Cassidy days. It isn't exactly grandmother revisited; there are no bustles and definitely no corsets. Instead, the trend is to brushed-cowhide—rough-cut leather the real cowboys used to call it—and accessories that will get by in the wilds of East or West. These are clothes designed to do the job for hiking or hunting and, as pioneers found out long before these ladies were born, leather improves with wear: it gets softer, and dirt gives it a bit of outdoor charm. The whole effect makes for a High Noon heroine touch, like the long leather skirt and knee-high laced boots worn by Colorado Su Olsen at left, visiting David Danes at his western Pennsylvania Rolling Rock Rodeo Ranch. Su's shirts are a mixoff on calico prints and her belts are linged, hand-tooled and cinched-in and tightly laced. The camera choker has given way to feather-and-brass dog collars that buckle around the neck. Charming with buckskin quarter horse Poquas and Trainer Dick Pieper at Bailey's breeding and training farm in Belle Vernon, Pa. at right, Anna Van Joosten also reflects the cowboy influence. Happily, that Western feeling has one more basic requirement: the outfit must be worn just a little bit too tight, the way one wears blue jeans. After all, what young woman wants to head a man off on the paw?

THE OLD FRONTIER

Su Olsen's brushed cowhide skirt with soap-buffered front and Anna's matching jeans are by Lange Reed. The skirt is \$38, the jeans \$15 at Kaul, Pines, Pittsburgh and May D.F., Denver. The pants and striped pullover jersey by Gachard, from \$17 to \$46. Anna's pullover of wool and rabbit hair www.annavango.com. Her brushed cowhide jacket is by Ursula, New York and Neiman Marcus, Dallas. The belts are by Hager. The short stud belt model is made of waxed linen, \$16 at Bowel Teller, New York and E. Fox, Hartford. The lace leather belt is \$17 at Bloomingdale's, New York www.bloomingdales.com. The boots are by Frye, \$149 at Best & Company, New York and Neiman-Marcus. The boots are by Dele Leaver, \$180 at Betts Bootery, 24th Avenue, New York.



Bet O'Brien if he twinkles

One of the Frenchmen was sure to win the International Trot, but Joe O'Brien's eyes sparkled before the race. He knew his mare was ready

God save the Queen, Prime Minister Trudeau and a neat little Canadian named Joe O'Brien who drives harness horses. Especially Joe, because he did some saving himself last Saturday night to accomplish what nearly everybody thought was impossible—he beat the formidable French and kept them from winning their fourth International Trot in a row at Roosevelt Raceway.

All week long track guards, groomers, kitchen help—even some of the other drivers—had been saying the French horses were unbeatable in this mile-and-a-quarter race. Une de Mai, the big bay mare who had won last year's International, was in excellent form. Her traveling companion, Tidalium Pelo, an enormous (a good 17 hands) black stallion who had beaten Une de Mai three times in Europe, was equally impressive, though he had not raced since February. And the French drivers—handsome, salt-and-pepper-haired Jean-René Gougeon, winner of the past two Internationals, and flamboyant, gesticulating Jean Mary—inspired confidence in the most doubtful. If not the French, said the very few skeptics, then surely the U.S. hopeful, Dayan, would win. Billy Myer had qualified the horse the previous Saturday by easily winning the American Trotting Championship.

But Joe O'Brien wasn't capitulating; in fact, he wasn't even there until the afternoon of the race. His stepson Stanley had come to Roosevelt with Fresh Yankee, a 7-year-old Maryland-bred mare who has won more money for her owner, Duncan MacDonald, than any runner or trotter in Canadian history. Stanley worked out Fresh Yankee on Monday and Thursday, and reported ironically that she was "just fine."

Joe, who doesn't spend much time sitting unless he is in a sulky or driving his car from track to track or flying to Europe to race, had obligations elsewhere. Early in the week he was in Buf-

falo for the Grand Circuit meeting; on Friday he hopped down to Atlantic City to win his two races there and then stayed to qualify a couple of young horses Saturday morning. It is a busy time for O'Brien; he won't get home to Stahef, Calif., the is a naturalized American citizen) until mid-December.

As hectic as his schedule is, O'Brien probably had more quiet moments during the week than anybody at Roosevelt. As usual before an International, there were incidents every minute, some genuine and some inspired by publicity men. The Swedish horse, Lyon, went off to a nearby shopping center to eat some apples and pears for the Foods of All Nations people who were sponsoring one of the feature races during the week. The French contingent headed into Manhattan for sightseeing and a Bastille Day celebration at Proof of the Pudding, an restaurant on the swinging East Side. "Actually, we wanted to go to Maxwell's Plant, just across the street," said Alex Ignatieff, a French journalist and the interpreter for the group, "but it was an hour and a half wait for the table. Too long. Never."

The drawing for post positions had gone well for the French that day, with Tidalium Pelo getting the No. 1 spot and Une de Mai No. 3. Stanley and Fresh Yankee didn't do badly, either. They got the two spot. The lineup for the rest of the field had the Italian Barabbé in No. 4; Lyon, No. 5; Dayan, 6; New Zealand's Stylish Major, 7; and the U.S.'s Noccalula, a 5-year-old mare named after a waterfall in Alabama, 8.

All continued to go well for the French until Wednesday morning, when most of the horses had their final workouts. "Ah! Pa poem, pa poem," cried Gougeon as he watched Myer taking Dayan around a turn. "Pa poem, Pa poem." He shook his head and spoke excitedly to his friend Ignatieff. Alex explained that Jean-René meant the American trot-

ter's gait was most uneven. "He wouldn't even be allowed to race in France with that gait," said Alex. Well, that started a fuss. Somebody told two of Dayan's owners, Kirk Kirschen and his son Eric, that the French were criticizing their trotter, and Eric said he didn't think Une de Mai's gait was all that terrific either. Billy Myer, who may be the quietest man in all harness racing, rubbed his ear with his glove and said maybe Dayan's gait was "a little uneven" because he hits his left hind leg with his front hoof, but he "certainly wouldn't be disqualified anywhere for that."

The story of the exchange grew, and by the next morning Gougeon was supposed to have said that Dayan had his legs. Gougeon was furious, insisting he had been misquoted. Then he and Eric agreed they hadn't said anything about anybody's horse. Through an interpreter, Gougeon had the last word: "I do not criticize. Dayan is a good horse. If he is the best, I am sure he will win." Spoken like a diplomat.

Back in the barn area, Track Guard Boris Butleroff was singing the praises of Une de Mai, calling her the "gentle one" and swearing that if he had the time he could teach her ballet. Butleroff has been teaching people ballet on East 84th Street for 20 years and doubles as a guard only because he "loves the horses." He did a little dance step here and there in front of the stalls and said it was a cliché, which he described as the horse step in ballet. Tidalium's groom, a red-checked boy who has been with the stallion since 1964, fed his charge some honey and told onlookers that it made the horse strong and was good for his throat. The Italians conferred in conspiratorial whispers about their Barabbé, which translates into English as Bluebeard, and the Swedes smiled at everyone who passed by. Their driver, Olle Elfrander, already had said he thought Une de Mai would win but that he would try his best anyway. Down the row, Billy Hudson, who was to drive his first International, grinned nervously and said his horse, Stylish Major, a 9-year-old gelding, was "better than we thought." Apparently Racing Secretary Larry Muller thought so, too; for future U.S. appearances he gave the mottos an AA speed rating, the highest ever for a New Zealand entry. In the stall next to Major stood Fresh Yankee, quietly waiting for Saturday and Joe O'Brien.

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"One thing I like about my mare," said O'Brien when he arrived in the paddock Saturday night. "Is that she's always right there. Every now and then some horse comes along and beats her, but she usually gets 'em back." O'Brien limits his flowery expressions in public to the outline of a smile, but he had an odd twinkle in his eyes that made some people think he knew something he wasn't saying. Not that he ever says a whole lot anyway.

In the background the French were all dressed up like oldtime jockeys in white jodhpurs and high black boots, chattering and laughing. Gougone mimicked Tidakum, who was stamping and whinnying in his stall. Nearby was Sanders Russell, who had been so impressed by Fresh Yankee as a yearling at Harmsburg that he told MacDonald to buy her. The Canadian lumberman did. For \$900. Sanders, who has been around trotters for most of his 70 years, trains and drives Noccalais, a good mare but out of her class in this barn. Some of the Dayton group up in the stands had put on black eye patches just like French-Deferre Minister Moshe Dayan, and Billy Myer looked as if he wished he had two of them. "He's not himself," mumbled Myer as he inspected his horse. "He's just not himself."

Billy was right. He and Dayton started out sixth and wound up there. As the gates swung away the two French entries rushed to the lead—Mary and Tidakum on the rail, Gougone and Ure de Mai outside. Patiently sitting in the three seat were O'Brien and Fresh Yankee. That's where they stayed through a surprisingly slow pace for the mile. But up the backstretch, in the final quarter, O'Brien backed up "just a little bit" and moved out to challenge.

Joe was jiggling around in his sulky the way he does in a hard drive, and when he got through he and Fresh Yankee were a neck ahead of Tidakum. Ure de Mai had faded to fourth. Third in the dust were Stylish Major and Billy Hudson.

"We were fighting each other so hard we helped O'Brien," said Jean Mary about her and Gougone's rides. When he heard that, O'Brien got that twinkle again. "Herrn. Well, I'll take all the help I can get, anytime," he said. MacDonald agreed with his trainer and ordered three cases of French champagne. "Vive le Canada!" somebody said.

END

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Victory over Germany but a loss to the AAU

For starters, the West Germans figured they'd blur the young U.S. track team in the four thrilling events. The French scared them in Paris, now we'll run them right out of Stuttgart, they thought. But what the Germans forgot to take into account was the AAU. Nothing can inspire a touring U.S. track team like its own sponsor.

Even when they arrived, after reading stories from the States that this was a Mickey Mouse team, the athletes became even grimmer when they learned that the AAU had suspended many of the nonteam Americans competing in Europe. A track promoter, Hermann Hoffmann, claimed that he had paid three U.S. athletes salaries up to \$1,000 to compete. Famous for his passion for publicity, Hoffmann made his charges in the newspapers. Naturally, he named Lee Evans and John Pennel, didn't name the third American and said he had no proof, only his word. Acting on only what he read in the papers, Ollan Cassell, the AAU track chief, suspended Evans, Pennel and Russ Hodge. Then he sent telegrams to other European promoters saying that if any nonteam Americans showed up turn them away. Next he told the athletes that if they cared to travel to Stuttgart he'd be glad to hear their side of the story. That's what is known as AAU justice.

"When I read about Hoffmann's press conference in Zurich," Cassell said, "I informed the European federations that these athletes should not be permitted to compete until we have conducted an investigation."

"You condemned them on the basis of a newspaper article? Without any proof?"

Cassell, who until 1966 was competing on the same European circuit, nodded. "Yes, if they indeed got money they have to be barred. They are suspended now until they are cleared."

"Isn't that a little harsh, a suspension based only on a suspicion? Before even hearing their side?"

"You may think so," Cassell said.

"Other people may look at it differently."

Other people did look at it differently. The Europeans almost fell over laughing. If a world-class foreign athlete has ever competed in the U.S., including the AAA championships themselves, without being well paid his name has never been recorded. It's easy to uncover, just ask most of them. But the AAU blindly ignores this. There are rules and then there are rules.

"If an athlete can get money, he should take it," said Horst-Rüdiger Schölkke, a West German 400-meter runner. "And almost all Europeans do. Our top distance runner, Harald Norpoth, is very expert at making expenses, collecting double air fares, and so forth. But I haven't seen him lately. He was supposed to be at a couple of meets but didn't show up. That's how they are: if the money isn't right they don't compete."

On Tuesday, the day before the meet began, the condemned athletes began gathering in Stuttgart. Evans came in from Switzerland, Pennel and Hodge

from Munich, Bob Seagren from Finland. Others came from Innsbruck. "If they don't get reinstated," said George Frenn, the hammer thrower, "I'm quitting the team. I wouldn't want to be a part of that hypocritical group anymore."

"We're having a hard time getting Cassell to talk to us," said Pennel. "He's not very helpful."

Cassell asked the Swiss federation to look at Hoffmann's books. Hoffmann refused to show them. Somewhat reluctantly Cassell gave up the witch hunt. He ordered the athletes to sign three sets of papers stating that they had never accepted money. Then he lifted the suspensions. They all took off for a meet in Mainz, Germany. "Your AAU is stupid," a German athlete said.

That crisis past, the U.S. team turned in full attention to the Germans. The meet went pretty much according to form. The American women lost 82-53; the American men won 122-106. The highlight of the meet—and a shock for the Germans, who were heavily favored to sweep the event—was the 400 meters. On the way to the stadium, Mark Winemered and Ken Swenson of the U.S. had a talk. "I'll just go like a bat out of hell and run them off the track," said Winemered. Which he did, running the first 400 in 31.6 and knocking off Franz-Josef Kemper, the No. 1 German. Winemered held the incredible pace until the final turn. Then he faltered. Walter Adams passed him on the inside, a few yards ahead of Swenson. "That last 100 was tough," said Swenson. "I was so tired I didn't even think about catching him. I just ran." He caught Adams 50 yards from the finish, passed him and won in 1:44.8, lowering Jim Ryan's American record by 1/10th of a second. Said Stan Wright, one of the men's team managers, "You've got to admit that the German win was a hell of a victory for a Mickey Mouse team."

So now only Russia—and, presumably, the AAU—stand between the U.S. and a European sweep.

END



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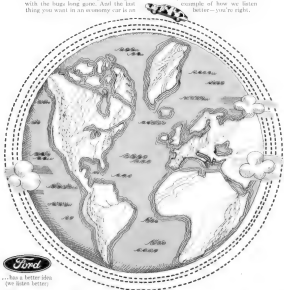
Because our new Pinto's engine and drive train have been tested in owner use for 70,000,000 miles. And that's the equivalent of 2,000 times around the world.

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You'll be able to get Pinto with *five* on the floor or fully-automatic transmission. But no matter how you get it, you'll know it'll do what it's supposed to do: go a long time between gas stops, be easy to repair and worry-free.

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The bird dogs always came first. They just appeared one spring day in your sophomore year of high school as if drawn by the odor of freshly cut outfield grass. On that day you knew for sure that your football, which had slumped considerably in the jump from a Little League to a high school mound, had once again begun to smoke like a burning pine. You knew also that your life would never be the same again. Baseball could no longer be considered a game for you from that day forward. It was, instead, your career.

They were called bird dogs because they sniffed out talent, although the name does not do them justice. The bird dogs were kindly, slooped old men in plaid shirts and string ties. They owned taverns and hardware stores, and once had even played ball with Kiki Cuyler and George Catfish. Now in their last years, they measured out the weekday afternoons at an endless succession of high school baseball games. They were always easy to spot, even from the mound, since few adults bothered to watch the meaningless games your coach let you pitch as a sophomore and because they always stood directly behind the home-plate screen, as if they would not feel comfortable *around*

You Can't Beat The Draft

The bird dogs spot the bright young players first. Then come the scouts, the evaluators of baseball talent. The scouts used to be salesmen, wheedlers, con men, but the free-agent draft changed all that

by
Pat Jordan

The Draft continued

unflew, viewing the world through a mine of wire triangles.

Few of the bird dogs ever got paid a cent for their efforts, although once in a while one would be promised a \$100 bonus if the boy he tested ever made the major leagues. But even if that boy did make it, by the time he did the bird dog usually would have died. That wasn't why they went through the effort. They did it to pass time for one thing

and because they loved the game for another—but most of all because they appreciated young talent. Just watching it develop was reward enough for old men.

One day in my sophomore year at Fairfield Prep (1957) I struck out 19 apprentice platters, bricklayers and carpenters from Bullard-Havens Technical High School. That night Johnny Barron, an aged Cincinnati bird dog, called at my house. When I answered the phone he asked to speak with my father and after that my mother, as if like some Victorian tailor he was seeking permission to court me—which in a way he was. Finally I took the receiver with trembling hands. His voice surprised me. It was battered and broken but completely at ease, as if he was talking to an old friend. And in his mind I guess we were old friends. Hadn't he just seen me pitch?

Johnny took much for granted as we talked. He detailed my strengths and weaknesses with a familiarity that would have annoyed me if not for the warmth in his voice. He concluded his little talk by saying, "And when you do make the big leagues it will be your fastball that brings you there. It's a marvelous fastball."

It was a strange word to use, I thought, the kind of word one used in discussing a painting or statue or some other thing of beauty. He was a strange man, too, and I wondered how he knew such things. (As it turned out, he didn't.)

"We can't offer you a contract until you're a senior," he told me. "By that time most of the other clubs will be bidding a lot of money for you. I'll be out of the picture by then. Our scouts and front-office people will have taken over. But I hope you'll remember that I was the first scout to appreciate your gift. It will mean a lot to me."

Although I was not sure what he wanted or why, I promised, and he hung up, satisfied. I seldom pitched a game that year without spotting his face somewhere in the queue stands, and often I would not feel comfortable on the mound until I did. When I signed in 1959, however, it was with the Braves, not with the Reds. But I still kept my promise and had the local paper carry a small article saying



SCOUTING BY JOHN JONES

how Johnny Barron Sr. of Hudson Street, Bridgeport, Conn., had been the first scout to contact me.

After the bird dogs came the full-time scouts. They moved in like carpetbaggers in your junior and senior years to take advantage of the friendships cultivated by the bird dogs. By that time the bird dogs had drifted out of your life, like first lovers who could not bear to see the others.

The scouts were younger men, usually in their 50s, and their appreciation for talent was more professional than esthetic. They were not unkind men, however, although they were certainly not so lovable as the bird dogs. But then again, when you got your first whiff of that big bonus cash, maybe you were not so lovable either. And just maybe it was a good thing that the bird dogs like Johnny Barron could not see you now.

Unlike the bird dogs, whose virtues were intrinsic to their nature, the scouts were men who embellished their natures. It wasn't that they created virtues they did not possess; it was just that they overcompensated the virtues they had until they became caricatures of themselves.

Jeff Jones, for example, was "sincere." He was a large, egg-shaped New Englander with shrubs for eyebrows and an endearing stammer that could melt the hardest of hearts. Jeff did not toss his sincerity about like bruised fruit either; he deposited it where he knew it would do the most good—with the mother of a prospect.

"Why, Mr. Jordan," he would say, "didn't you worry about your obbey! When he gaggos away to the minor leagues I'll watch over him as if he were mine own son."

And when Jeff did not look after you as well as he should have, it was understandable. Jeff Jones signed 15 sons a year and, after all, a father can only do so much.

Ray Garland was "flamboyant." He was a sharp, dapper little man who had long ago become a master of the grand gesture. To this day I can remember Ray in only one pose. He is standing, unprotected, in a heavy drizzle that has drenched his camel's hair overcoat the color of Gaudin's Mound. His left arm is extended away from his body, his hand clutching an umbrella that is over the head of my mother, who is sitting dryly in her wicker chair, watching my pitch.

John Pellodora was "enthusiastic." He was a little Italian with poorly fixed false teeth. When John got excited his teeth started clicking faster than the words could escape from his mouth and he looked like a poorly dubbed

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Bobby's Gas Station can install a muffler for every car in his neighborhood...sooner or later.

Chances are, it will be later.

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In the first place, Bobby's may not have the right mufflers on hand.

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It takes a while to get them. Sometimes a day or two. Sometimes, even a week.

And, even when he does get the necessary equipment, he'll probably take a full day to do the job, because he has a lot of other things to do.

Finally, if the job gets complicated, his people may not get it done at all.

Of course, Bobby's Gas Station really isn't to blame for all this. It's just that he installs mufflers as a sideline.

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And, since our business depends on mufflers, we've devised ways to avoid the problems you may have at Bobby's.

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We're geared to replace a muffler in 30 minutes. Or less.

Because our mechanics are trained to handle the most complicated problems. They're the best in the business at what they do.

They're so good, that every Midas shop offers this guarantee:

If anything goes wrong with a Midas muffler we install, we'll replace it for just a service charge.

The guarantee is good on any car made in America, and it's good as long as you own the car.

So next time you need a muffler, look us up in the Yellow Pages.

We may not be as close to you as Bobby's Gas Station.

But we're a lot more convenient.

Midas

We install mufflers for a living.
We have to do a better job.

The Draft continued

foreign movie whose image was out of joint with its sound. One day in my junior year I saw him sit next to my girl friend (now my wife) in the deserted stands of a West Haven ball park. He was jhabbering away like a machine gun, but my girl was just nodding primly and moving down the bench away from him until finally she and he were wedged into the far corner of the stands. After the game she told me she had been frightened of him. "When he found out I was your girl friend he even offered me a job," she said. "I know what kind of job he was offering. My mother told me about such things."

I told her she was mistaken, that Johnny was just trying to find some way he could get to me through her. "Be nice," I said. "He could be buying our house someday."

And finally there was the scout I'll call Jack Brown. Jack had no essentially admirable qualities that he could exaggerate like the other scouts. He was just a likable, harmless old fellow whose face was so red it seemed always on the verge of spontaneous combustion. Jack was a drinker and often was in no condition to match wits with the sharper scouts, although maybe this worked to his advantage. Everyone felt sorry for him, and I'm not so sure he didn't sign more than a few players because of sympathy.

One day in my senior year Jack drove me to a tryout camp outside of Boston. We arrived the night before and took a motel room on the outskirts of town. I went to bed immediately, but he said he would sit up a few minutes. He sat nervously in a chair by the window, every so often glancing over at me to see if I was asleep. When he thought I was, he withdrew a paper bag from his coat pocket and began taking long swigs from it. I watched him through half-closed eyes until I fell asleep.

When all the scouting is done, when all the dinners, half-kindnesses, half-truths are in the past, the hard bargaining begins. The fight for the cash. The scouts are brushed aside now, just as the bird dogs were a few years before. The farm directors, general managers and vice-presidents take over. They are younger, colder, broad-faced businessmen who were once accountants or insurance men. They seem unable to speak to you directly, even when you're in the same room with them. They always talk around you, to your parents, as if you were off on a long trip, maybe, or as if you did not really exist except as a talent somehow abstracted from the human being who possessed it.

But in the long run you never signed with a farm director or a vice-president or even the clubs they represented. In those days you signed a contract with a man, and the man was usually the scout who had made the deepest impression on you. It did not matter how insincere you felt their previous acts of kindness might have been, you could not entirely forget them. You knew even then that an elder man cannot spend two years of his life courting a boy without a little of himself rubbing off in the bargain,

until even he is not so sure how much his original motives have been blurred and how much this boy really means to him. And you begin to wonder if maybe Jeff Jones did not really wish he could protect you at McCook and Davenport and Palauka and all those places you end up; and maybe Ray Garland would have held that umbrella for your mother even if you had been a .220-hitting second baseman; and maybe Jack Brown didn't want you so we him drink, not only because he wanted to sign you, but also because he wanted to protect you from a vice he thought you were too young to understand.

And if you never did make the big leagues, you did not feel badly that you let down the Braves or Yankees or some pesty-faced farm director. You felt badly because you had let down Jeff Jones or Ray Garland, as if your bonus money had been fished solely from their own shabby pockets.

I signed with Jeff Jones in 1959, when he was with the Braves; when I left baseball in 1962 because I lost my fastball, I seldom saw him or any of the other scouts again. Only Jack Brown used to pop up once in a while at a high school or American Legion game. I would see him behind home plate in the midst of a group of parents, rambling on in that indefinable droll of his that could have been the faded remnants of a Southern past. And when his attention wandered from the action it invariably seemed to settle on his hatred of the free-agent draft. Jack did not really know how to hate, so when he came to the free-agent draft his tongue would knot in his mouth until he couldn't speak, just apoplexy. He hated the free-agent draft because, as he said, "It's taken all the heart out of scouting. It's made everything automatic and meaningless," and then he would fall silent and sullen.

It was difficult to see why Jack (and most of the other lifetime scouts) hated something that made his job easier. The free-agent draft was initiated in 1965 to prevent the scouts and clubs from cutting each other's throats in bidding wars over untied youngsters. To eliminate such wars, the major leagues made all free agents eligible for two drafts each year, one in June, the other in January. If the boy did not sign with the club that drafted him, he went back into the pool for the next draft. The process repeated itself until he either signed with a club that had drafted him, enrolled in a four-year college, in which case he could no longer be drafted until he was graduated, or had passed 21 or was no longer drafted.

At no point, however, was the boy free to bargain with any club other than the one that had drafted him. This kept his bonus demands within reason. The only thing the clubs had to do was make sure their offers were just tempting enough to convince a boy it was foolish to waste six months of his career until the next draft, especially since the second club might offer him an even smaller bonus

continued

The Draft Continued

than the first. Now, instead of prospects pulling in \$175,000 bonuses like Rick Reichardt, the No. 1 pick in the country was lucky to get \$70,000, and the fourth and fifth picks struggled to grab \$30,000.

Jack Brown and the other scouts hated the draft not because they no longer had to spend large sums of money but because it made their occupations half-obsolete. Before the draft a scout's job consisted of evaluating talent (it did not take much insight to know a football that sounds like ripping silk is big-league stuff) and convincing (i.e., conning) the prospect into signing with the scout's club. If scouts offered the prospect roughly the same bonus, what made him pick one team over another? It was usually a scout and the impression he'd made on a boy. But that's exactly what had become obsolete.

"It no longer mattered if the kid and his parents loved me," said Brown. "If we didn't draft him he couldn't sign with us no matter what."

I never understood just how much scouting—and maybe baseball—had lost because of the free-agent draft until a few weeks ago, when I drove to Stamford, Conn., to watch an 18-year-old Stamford Catholic High School pitcher named Art DeFilippis. A husky left-hander with thick arms, DeFilippis has a smooth sidemarm motion and a fastball that behaves like a screwball. In four years of pitching he had won 35 games, lost two, struck out 451 batters in 248½ innings and allowed only 13 earned runs. The *Spokane News* ranked him as one of the top 12 prospects in the country, which made it likely he would be drafted in the first round. (He was eventually drafted second by the Washington Senators, which made him the 38th pick.)

It was not hard to spot Art DeFilippis' father on that hot May afternoon as his son took the mound against Xavier High School of Middletown in a state tournament game. He was sitting in an aluminum deck chair on a high rise that runs above the first-base line. He is a rugged-looking, olive-skinned man with a thin gray mustache, and he had a long green cigar clenched between his teeth. His pretty blonde daughter sat beside him, looking a little confused, as if not quite sure what to make of this fuss over her younger brother. Every so often she would look up and smile at the many friends who stooped to whisper in her father's ear. Their question was always the same. "Any news from the scout?"

"What do I know?" said Mr. DeFilippis in disgust. "I see them at every game. I say hello and they don't even say a word to me. Look at them!" he said, gesturing with his cigar to the 16 or 17 older men clustered behind the homeplate screen. He said something in Italian and his friends laughed. His daughter watched the game as if she had not heard a thing.

Someone brought Mr. DeFilippis the latest *Sporting News* with the story about his son. He read the article carefully, nodding, and then he showed it to his friends. He

slapped the paper with the back of his hand and said, "See, what'd I tell ya?" The friends nodded solemnly.

It was only the scouts who did not come over and whisper in Mr. DeFilippis' ear. They sat in deck chairs or stood in small clusters. Although many of them were strangers to me, they did not look so different from the old men I had known 10 years ago. They were still tanned and weather-beaten from their long Florida springs, while we in New England were just beginning to turn red on these first few warm days, and they still dressed a little flamboyantly for older men, in bright alpaca sweaters and barlow jerseys and white and black tasseled loafers. Some smoked cigars, a few chewed tobacco and only a handful, it seemed, kept careful notation of the game's progress in their little black notebooks. They looked much more relaxed, convivial, than I ever remembered scouts being. Scouts were nervous, frantic men before the free-agent draft, always trying to figure some way to outsmart their cohorts in latching onto a prospect. Now they looked as if basking in Art DeFilippis' ear was the funniest thing from their minds.

I walked over and sat on the hill behind home plate, a few feet beneath the scouts. They were talking about good restaurants nearby and their next stops and old friends they hadn't seen in a long while, and none of them seemed to concentrate very much on the game. But then again, it was a boring game. Art DeFilippis had already fanned eight of nine batters with a fastball that was sailing and sinking when thrown low and rising when thrown high. He had a nice loose motion, and I could tell he loved pitching just by the way he savored every moment he was on the mound. He must have been pitching a long time, since Little League at least, because he knew when to turn his back on a batter, when to throw over to first base to hold a runner and when to look for a ball's rough spots after it had been fouled off. Only once in a while, however, did any of the scouts comment on him. Often they even had to ask one another how he'd gotten that last batter out, because they'd missed it.

In the fourth inning DeFilippis hit an inside-the-park home run. "He hits, too!" asked a heavyset, white-haired man in his 60s who sat down beside me.

"I guess," I said. He asked the other question about DeFilippis (What kind of boy was he? Did he like the game? Was he interested in signing?), and we talked for a while, only half-watching the game, until finally he introduced himself as Paul Florence, a Houston scout. Ten years ago, I told him, he had scouted me when I was in high school. He said he remembered, although I'm not sure he did because he kept calling me Bob after that.

"Who did you finally sign with?" he asked.

"Jeff Jones," I said. "He was with the Braves then."

"Ah, Jeff," he said, smiling and nodding with satisfaction. "I'll bet Jeff romanced the hell outta you in those days, didn't he?"

"As a matter of fact, he did. Aren't you doing the same with the kid?" I asked, pointing toward the mound.

"No. It's not necessary anymore. Not after the draft. If it wasn't for the draft I'd be romancing his whole family, maybe take them all to dinner tonight and invite them down to Houston. But that would be foolish. I'd just be getting his hopes up, and mine, for nothing if we didn't get to draft him. All I do is watch him pitch a few times, write up a report on him and turn it in. The front office decides what to do about him after that."

Art fanned his 11th of 12 batons in the fourth inning, and I could see his father clapping politely as he left the mound. Paul Florence continued talking.

"You didn't romance the kid just to get at him, either, you know. The thing was, the more time you spent with him the more you learned what he had inside. What made him tick. You couldn't measure that just by watching him pitch. You had to know the boy for that. Now, with the draft, you seldom get to know any of the boys you scout. They're just names." He stepped for a minute and then added, "It's all so depersonalized. There's no excitement, enthusiasm in it anymore. No life—you know what I mean?" He looked at me, a little confused, as if even he were not so sure he knew what he was trying to say. "You know what I mean?" he asked again.

The innings drifted by and as the seventh was about to begin, Paul stood up. "There's no sense staying any longer," he said. He shook my hand, said goodby and then added, "It's a shame, a real shame."

"What is?"

"It isn't only baseball, you know. Everything's depersonalized. No one cares about the people they deal with anymore, not the waiters or department store clerks or anybody. Did you ever see those smiles you get from the stewardesses on an airplane? It scares me to death, the way when they turn around those smiles disappear. It's like they had to be taught how to smile because they didn't really know."

Paul Florence left and so did most of the scouts. One who remained was Bob Clements, a seasoned man in his mid-50s. Clements was formerly a Pittsburgh scout but is now the assistant director of the Major League Scouting Bureau, organized in 1968 and run by Vedic Hindl, a former Cub executive, offers free-lance scouting

services for a fee to all the major league clubs. Although not all clubs have availed themselves of its services, it seems just a matter of time.

"We owe our existence to the free-agent draft," Clements said. "Before the draft, clubs spent a fortune scouting a kid. One year Kansas City spent over \$600,000 in bonuses, and that's not even including what it cost to keep 30 to 40 scouts on the payroll. If a club liked a kid enough they'd move a scout right into his town for a few years so the scout would get in the kid's good graces. And then they had to spend \$300,000 to sign him anyway. I wouldn't give an 18-year-old kid \$100,000 if he could self-ignite."

Clements turned to a scout next to him and asked how DeFilippis got that last out. The scout said "Strikeout," and Clements marked it in his notebook.

"Now things have calmed down a lot," he continued. "The draft has eliminated all the special treatment the big prospects used to get. Now they're all the same to us. There's no distinction. And because it's no longer necessary for a scout to get personally involved with a boy, you don't need as many scouts. That's where we come in. We offer to scout kids and turn in reports on them to all the clubs. It beats duplication of effort. Then all the clubs have to do is send a scout to get the kid in his senior year and they make up their mind how high they want to draft him. They can cut a lot of deadwood off their payroll that way. Instead of 30 to 40 scouts they'll need only six or eight."

I asked him if eliminating scouts wasn't just another step toward depersonalization of baseball.

"We're not the cause of that," he said, as if personally hurt by the accusation. "The free-agent draft did that. We're just filling a need that came up. Why, before the draft all those oldtimers were complaining how tough it was trying to sign a kid. Now they're complaining it's no longer fun. I don't believe any of them. I bet you won't find one in 40 who would rather go back to the way things were before the draft—except, of course, those whose jobs we'll replace."

"Then you think baseball is a lot better off because of the draft and your organization?" I said.

He looked up quickly. "No, I didn't say that. I never said things were better or worse. I just said this is the way



continued

The Draft continued

they are, that's all. And there's nothing that can be done about it. You have to learn to live with it."

It was the ninth inning now. Clements stood up, folded his chair and tucked it under his arm and said goodby. He was the last scout to leave. Even the fans along the first-base line were beginning to fold up their blankets and chairs in anticipation of the last out. Art DeFilippo had already fanned 20 batters, and one more would be a new career high for him. Mr. DeFilippo looked worried about his son, who was exhausted after all those strikeouts and the inside-the-park home run. As I walked past, I could hear him talking.

"I don't know who he'll sign with," he was saying, "but whoever it is, they'll have to meet our price. That's our only consideration now. I got a call this morning from a New York organization called Pro Scouts. They want to be Artie's agent for 10%... Maybe I'll let them do the dealing for us. Who knows? And if nobody comes up with the cash Artie can go to college on a scholarship and then step into my business when he gets out. He can make \$20,000 a year with no problem, so why should he sign a contract for nothing, huh? Why?"

Art DeFilippo fanned his 21st batter, and his players mobbed him, as did the remaining fans. He didn't seem to notice that there were no scouts around now, until I mentioned it to him.

"When I was younger," he said, "I always heard stories about how the scouts took you to dinner and all. Every kid does. But none of that's happened to me. I've hardly said a word to them."

Most of the people had gone by now. I started walking across the Stamford Catholic football field toward my car, when I heard a voice call out my name. I turned around to see Jeff Jones walking toward me, a huge grin on his bushy-browed face. He didn't seem to have aged at all in the 10 years. When he stuck out his hand I hesitated for a moment, remembering all that bonus money he had sunk into me, and I felt that I should make some explanation or apology to him.

"I thought it was you," he said, and began talking as if we hadn't seen each other in a few days and he was eager to catch up on lost news. He asked about my parents. He said he'd always liked them, especially my mother. At first I thought it was strange he said nothing about my wife and kids, until I remembered, of course, he didn't know about them.

I asked him why he wasn't out to dinner with the De-

Filippo boys right now, and he said he never did that anymore. "It used to be fun competing with the scouts, but now what difference does it make?" Then he added, prodding me lightly with his elbow, "And I was good at it, wasn't I?" I noticed he didn't stutter as much as he used to. "You know, I could never understand why you didn't make the big leagues," he said. "I thought for sure you would. What happened in the minors?"

"It was just one of those things," I said. "You remember, Jeff." He nodded, but I'm sure he didn't.

"Yes, that's the way things turn out. Well, I hope you moved all that bonus money. You didn't waste it, did you?"

I told him I bought a house with it, and he nodded his head in approval.

"Good, good. I'm glad you got something out of it. I always liked to see my boys do well, even if they don't make the big leagues for old Jeff." We had reached the parking lot. "What are you doing now?" he asked.

"I write," I said.

"Oh, I see. So that's why your hair is so long," he said. "That's all right. It's the style today. But you must remember never to let it go to extremes. No more never go to extremes, Pat," he said with a stern look. It was the same kind of look I remember the day I left for the minor leagues and he had told me I must never do anything to embarrass him now, because I was one of "Jeff's boys." He had again fallen into that half-sincere, half-created tone that he had used so often with me and a thousand other boys 10 years ago.

"I wrote a book, too," I said. "It's about baseball in the minors."

"I hope you included old Jeff in the book," he said. And when I said yes, I had, and looked away from him, it must have occurred to him that I had written something that might not have shown him in his best light.

"You treated old Jeff right in that book, didn't you?" he said, and he put his arm on my shoulder. "I sure hope you did right by me, Pat. You know I always liked you."

I had a special interest in you..."

"Like a father would a son?" I said.

"Yes, that's it," he said. "Like a father would a son."

And just for a moment that old charisma had me believing he always did have a special interest in me, and I felt suddenly close to him and Jack Brown and Ray Garland and all those other old men, and I thought, damn it, Artie DeFilippo will never even know what he's missed. **END**





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You want to buy a good 35mm camera for your trip, and you've been told the "normal" lens is just right for all the pictures you'll be taking there.

You'll discover that you can't get close enough to the action in the Plaza de Toros for a frame-filling shot of the torador. Or far enough away to get as much of that quiet Montmartre street as you'd like into the picture.

We offer a solution. A complete travel photo outfit by Nikon. The Nikkormat FTN single-lens reflex with two famous Nikon lenses: a wide-angle 35mm f/2.8 for close quarters as well as sweeping panoramas. Plus, a compact 105mm f/2.5 telephoto for bringing distant sights within arm's length and for candid shots without offending the natives.

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As for the Nikkormat FTN, you'll find it a delight to handle. Fast, smooth, uncomplicated. It has a unique thru-the-lens, center-weighted meter system that provides accurate exposure quickly with either lens (or any of the sturdy others in the Nikon system). And the meter system works with the lens wide open, so the finder image remains bright and clear. Two other important points: the FTN has shutter speeds to 1/1000, so you can shoot from a moving car, and it's really a good deal for the quality you get for the money.

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This is

In this country, there are thousands and thousands of places built specially for kids to play in.

Ironically enough, most of the time most of them are kept locked up. And the kids kept locked out.

(Not enough money for sports and recreation supervisors is the usual excuse.)

So the street becomes the ballfield. And the kids have to play with one eye on the ball

and one eye on the cars.

The situation makes no little sense, you'd think someone would do something about it. Which is just what we're asking you to do.



photo courtesy of the author

crazy.

Not to give any money,
not even your time,
but just to make a telephone call
or two to the school officials
in your area.

Ask them to give the streets

back to the cars.
The recreation areas back to the kids.

And if things work out that way,
you might even want to stop by and
show the kids a thing or two yourself.
You'll not only do them some good;

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(don't you wish everybody did?)



What keeps the top dogs on top?

With their recent win at Watkins Glen, the Gulf-sponsored McLaren team has captured 16 Can Am wins in a row. The day before the McLaren win, the Gulf-Porsche team, winners of the World Manufacturers' Championship, piled up even more points with a 1-2 victory in the Glen Six-Hour Endurance Race.

Just to make that weekend complete, one of the same Gulf-Porsches that ran 6 hairy hours Saturday, entered Sunday's Can Am. And finished second. Less than a lap behind the McLaren's lead. This car ran two races on the same engine. Over 900 miles at speeds up to 200 mph.

Piling up a record like this isn't easy. It takes a lot of hard work. Good people. And the best possible equipment. They've made constant improvements

on the cars. Drivers like Pedro Rodriguez, Denny Hulme and Jo Siffert are among the best in the world. The pit crews practice until they function like a finely honed machine.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RUE HULLABALOO

SERV:

Your article *Who Are the Hub Men?* (July 11) like many others expresses the opinion that Boston fans shun the Celtics and Patriots. Granted, neither of these two teams draws crowds equal to the Bruins' and Red Sox'. It should be pointed out, however, that the Celtics' average crowd and total seasonal attendance ranked in the top five of the NBA. Also, the Patriots have stirred up considerable emotion in the football fans of New England now that they have a place to play; they are a promising young ball club and it no longer holds true that the New York Giants dominate the football scene in our area.

The article was terrific but I had to disagree on those two points. It should also be pointed out that the Hub Men fall under two categories: the fan and the politician.

DAVID MURPHY

Lynn, Mass.

SERV:

Frank Deford implies that professional basketball in Boston, namely the Celtics, is on the verge of leaving Boston because of hockey, the Bruins and a rumored minor league team. It seems to me that the true-blue Boston fans are forgetting some very important details: 1) the Bruins have won one title in 29 years, the Celts have won 11 in 13 and they've been in the playoffs 12 of those years; 2) it was the Celtics that focused national attention on Boston starting way back in 1957. The Bruins were strictly a fifth- and sixth-place team from 1948-67. It's true that the Bruins are on the way up while the Celtics are rebuilding, but how can a city put a losing football team and a minor league hockey team ahead of a team that has dominated its sport for a decade?

I sincerely hope this letter helps fans see the light.

STEVEN MORGAN

Burlington, N.H.

SERV:

Perhaps we Bostonians have not cared to alter our existing arena and redesign our athletic teams because we do not look upon them as merely detached business franchises. Rather we accept them and desire them to be an integral part of the Hub's own distinct culture and society and we love them as they are. This is why we feel justified in criticizing our teams as well as praising them, for they are as much a part of Boston as the city council. We of Boston have long known that there is something special about our town and its teams, and I for one thank

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for paying tribute to this uniqueness in such a superb article.

CHARLES F. KANE JR.

Brookline, Mass.

SERV:

Mr. Deford suggests that the Hub Men are setting a precedent by not building a new stadium. Actually, the people of Denver have already set this precedent. The Hub Men should follow Denver's example and should, if practicable, renovate what they have, be it Fenway Park or Harvard Stadium.

ROBERT MURPHY

Lakewood, Colo.

SERV:

You say that in the Battle of Bunker Hill (fall night, Breed's Hill) the Americans were routed by the British, which is not completely true. Despite the fact that the Americans had to abandon their position atop the hill, the British suffered casualties almost 2½ times those of the Americans, 1,054 to 446. This, contrary to Frank Deford's thinking, is not a rout of the Americans.

BARRY JEROME

Newark, Del.

ANIMAL CAPERS

SERV:

Concerning the lobster race won by Falcon (JULY 15 IN THE CROWD, July 13), if the other contestants had been informed of the consequences of losing, the race might have had a different outcome.

GREG HENRI

Norwalk, Calif.

SERV:

I protest! I protest the method of rewarding the winner of the International Lobster Racing Championship. Luring all the losers will soon result in a new breed of speedy lobsters. And I can scarcely afford a decent lobster dinner as things are now. Do we never learn?

R. D. LORTO

Elgin, Ill.

SERV:

My pet turtle Fred seemed to be rather upset about the whole thing.

ROBERT CANTER

Washington

SILVER HAIRS

SERV:

Reading *A House on the Range* (July 6), which was about Airstream Caravan No. 71, I remarked to my 11-year-old daughter: "Well, I'll clip this and send it to Grandpa"—who was with Airstream Caravan No. 74, somewhere in Saskatchewan. Finishing the

article, I had second thoughts. Grandpa might not enjoy reading it at all!

So Caravaners enjoy blue berets and "tend to tolerate" in their "way of life." So what? So they like to relax on the road on over-engineered Middle American comfortable cushions in climatic "glorifying aluminum-skinned vehicles." So what? So these "over-40s" have earned "all the fun and none of the responsibility" of grandparenthood everywhere—in this case, all the fun and none of the trouble of travel.

Concern the silver hairs in the silver trail—any day.

ELSPETH H. THORNTON

Old Saybrook, Conn.

BEST EVEN

SERV:

Walter Bingham's excellent article on the Bermuda Hotel (*No One Could Touch the Aces*, July 16) leaves one thing out. He says that the opposition was not the greatest and he is correct in that statement. But he does not point out—and really could not—that the North American team played the best 512 hands of bridge ever played. It wasn't perfect. Perfect bridge is impossible to achieve, but in my 40 years of playing and watching I have never seen a performance to equal theirs. They may never play this well again, but for that one period they would have beaten any team that ever played bridge and beaten them decisively.

OSWALD JACONY

Dallas

TURNDOWN

SERV:

Over the past years there has been a thought or two as to why pitchers have been allowed to stand on the mound to reprieve or punishment for throwing baseballs. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and Superscout Frank Lane (Score 100, July 6) have agreed on some solutions to some of these problems.

My suggestion is to make the pitcher-batter relationship more of a duel. If the pitcher is permitted to throw "at" the batter, then give the batter an equal opportunity under the equal opportunity and fair practice act to throw at the pitcher.

RAY SHERMAN

Mobile, Ala.

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

SERV:

It is very hard to believe that the staff at SI, some members of which are graduates of the University of North Carolina, could approve of the first SI interview item in the July 6 issue concerning the decision of young Tom McMillen to attend that school.

You suggest that the University of North

Continued

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If you have reservations about your car's ability to stand the strain of a vacation, we can confirm them for you.

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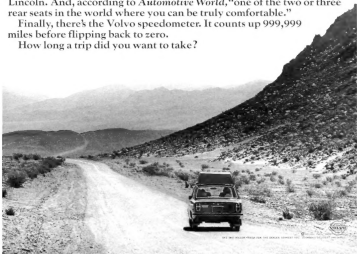
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19TH HOLE continued

Carolina was a system of college recruiting geared to obtain a basketball player instead of the student or person. Tom McMillen is an 18-year-old student who plans to become a doctor. He—*not* his parents—should be the one responsible for making a decision concerning his college education. Undergraduate as well as graduate schools in the field of medicine at North Carolina have always been highly regarded on a national level, at least until the recent article by SI. Also, a statement that Tom McMillen decided to attend North Carolina just to play basketball and without regard to its scholastic program underestimates the intelligence of a person who was the valedictorian of his high school class.

HENRY H. GILLOWAY III
Chapel Hill, N.C.

NOISE TURT

SEN!

One thing you failed to mention in your article about the hairy-hitting Reds (The Carey Comstock, July 13) was that baseball was meant to be played on grass, not on some synthetic. The fact is that like all other teams with AstroTurf, the Reds will also begin to lose. Not one team with AstroTurf is above .500 (Houston .39-53, St. Louis .41-49, San Francisco .43-46, Chicago White Sox .52-62, the last with just a synthetic infield). And Cincinnati recently lost two games in a row to the Padres, the worst team in the National League. While AstroTurf may be of use in preventing football injuries, it makes the game of baseball less exciting. Give me an unsymmetrical park with grass: Coney Field, Comstock Mack Stadium or Wrigley Field. That is where baseball is played. The Reds will find that out.

P. STUART ROCHBERG

Darien, Conn.

MARCH ON

SEN:

I am taking violent exception to a sentence in the July 13 issue: "... instead of that marching-band-a-halfline nonsense, ABC will run flip-flop highlights of all the pro football games played the day before."

Perhaps Mr. Cressner does not realize it, but his "nonsense" is an integral part of team support. An awful lot of young people literally work themselves to the point of sickness to put on a good halftime show. Some of the precision marching shows done now are so complex as to be art forms in their own right. And in no other country in the world are marching routines as sophisticated as those in America.

J. RANDOLPH CARR

Knoxville, Tenn.

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the
heat



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